

CDC  
COWBOY WESTERN  
N°48

# COWBOY WESTERN

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION



10¢





# Check the Kind of Body YOU Want!

RIGHT IN THE  
COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

*Charles Atlas*

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add **SOLID INCHES** of powerful new muscle **SO FAST** your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs—help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up t h a t sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered

dynamo! You'll feel and look different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

## WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17

to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DOR-MANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension" will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

## ARE YOU

Skinny, Weak and run down?  
Always tired?  
Nervous?  
Lacking in confidence?  
Constipated?  
Suffering from bad breath?  
Fat and flabby?  
Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

**FREE**

Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION follows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what "Dynamic Tension" has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32512, 1115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**



## Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."

—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"

—Stanley Lynn, Calif.  
"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York  
"Gained 29 lbs. When I started

your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."

—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."

—J. W., Montana

## CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. 32512

115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

*Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:*

(Check as many as you like)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ Better Regularity, Digestion, Clearer Skin
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not oblige me in any way

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

☐ If under 14 years of age check here for Booklet A.

COWBOY WESTERN

Published quarterly by Charlton Comics Group. Volume 1, Number 48 Spring, 1954  
Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Derby, Conn. Price per copy 10c. Subscription 12 issues, \$1.20. Copyright 1953 by Charlton Comics Group. Designed by Al Fago Studios Printed in the U.S.A.





## COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ COWBOY WESTERN HEROES ★ CRIME AND JUSTICE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS  
EH! dig this crazy comic ★ HAUNTED ★ HOT RODS AND RACING CARS ★ POT O' GOLD  
LASH LARUE WESTERN ★ ROCKY LANE WESTERN ★ RACKET SQUAD ★ SIX-GUN HEROES  
ROMANTIC STORY ★ SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES ★ STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES  
SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER WESTERN ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS  
ZOO FUNNIES ★ THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.



# RIP RYAN

in  
**TRIGGER BAIT**

D-DON'T SHOOT, RIP! I'M SHUFFLE ... YOUR OWN DEPUTY!

WHAT I'M AIMING AT IS THE DEADLIEST KILLER ON THE PLAINS, YOU OLD COYOTE! HUG THE GRASS ..THERE'S GONNA BE HOT LEAD FLYING!

**T**HE TROUT WERE BITING THAT AFTER-NOON FOR BOTH RIP RYAN AND OLD SHUFFLE, HIS DEPUTY... BUT A MAN-HUNT CHANGED THEIR PLANS DRAMATICALLY! FOR WITH INFAMOUS BILLY BANCROFT ON THE LOOSE, FISHING RODS SOON GAVE WAY TO...

**TRIGGER BAIT**

DICK BLODAN

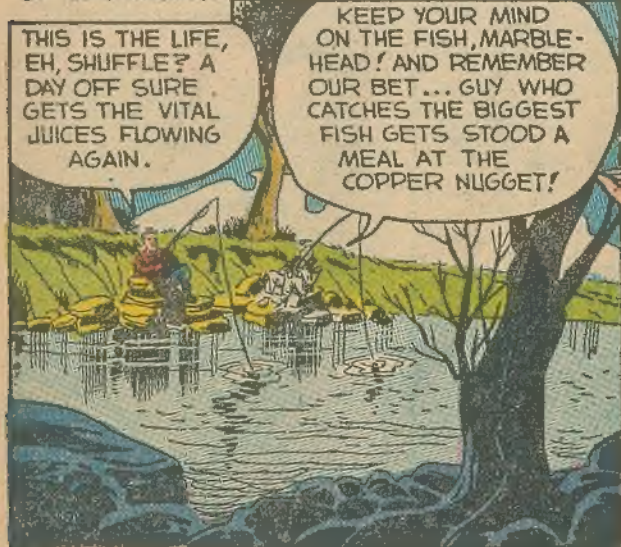
**T**HE DAY STARTED OFF PLACIDLY ENOUGH, BE-SIDE LONGHORN CREEK, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF COWTOWN...

THIS IS THE LIFE, EH, SHUFFLE? A DAY OFF SURE GETS THE VITAL JUICES FLOWING AGAIN.

KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE FISH, MARBLE-HEAD! AND REMEMBER OUR BET... GUY WHO CATCHES THE BIGGEST FISH GETS STOOD A MEAL AT THE COPPER NUGGET!

YOU HAVEN'T GOT A CHANCE, METHUSELAH! THAT TWO POUNDER OF MINE'S A CINCH...

M-MY LINE... IT'S BUCKING LIKE THERE'S A WHALE AT T'OTHER END!  
**YIPPEE...**  
STAND BACK!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

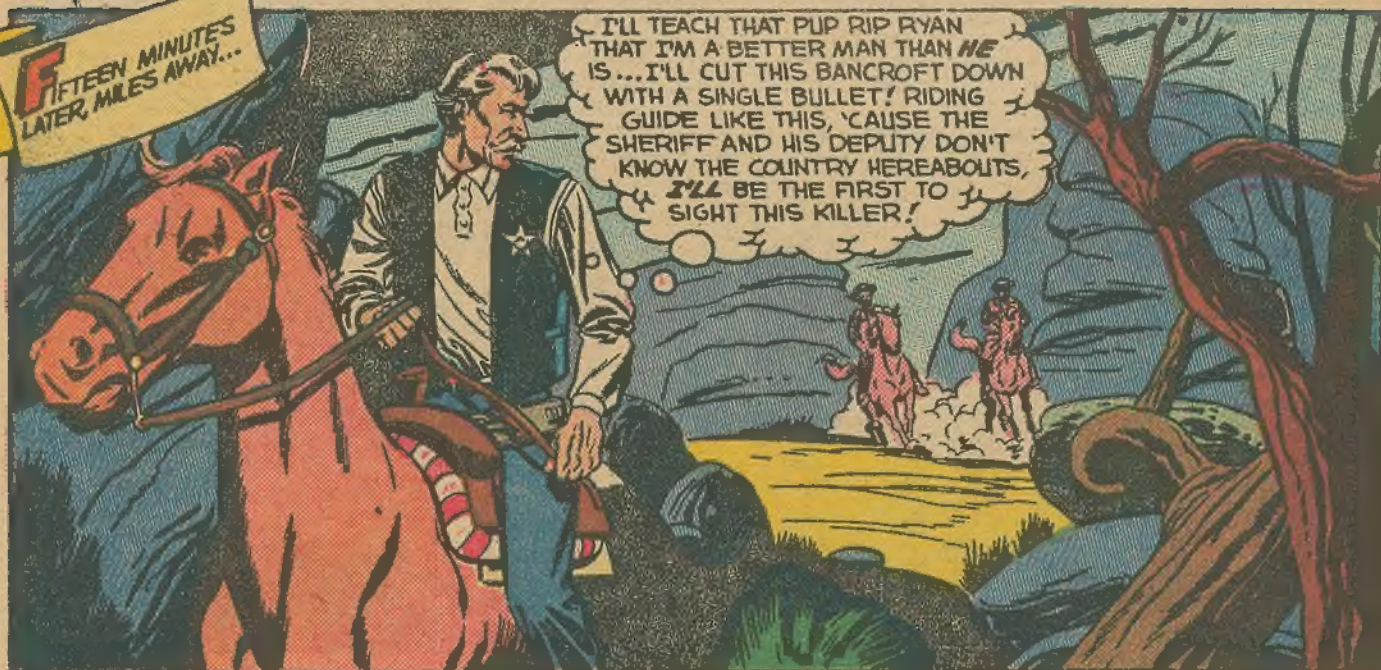




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**F**IFTEEN MINUTES  
LATER, MILES AWAY...

I'LL TEACH THAT PUP RYAN  
THAT I'M A BETTER MAN THAN **HE**  
IS... I'LL CUT THIS BANCROFT DOWN  
WITH A SINGLE BULLET! RIDING  
GUIDE LIKE THIS, 'CAUSE THE  
SHERIFF AND HIS DEPUTY DON'T  
KNOW THE COUNTRY HEREABOUTS,  
I'LL BE THE FIRST TO  
SIGHT THIS KILLER!



S-SHERIFF... OVER  
YONDER IN THE TREES!  
I... I THINK WE'RE  
CLOSING IN!



I COULD GO IN THERE ALL BY MYSELF AND OUTGUN  
THIS BANCROFT... BUT THE SHERIFF'S THE BOSS!  
IF HE WANTS ME TO WAIT HERE SO WE CAN PALAVER  
IT'S ALL RIGHT BY ME! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH  
THESE LAWMEN NOWADAYS... TOO MUCH BRAIN-  
WORK AND NOT ENOUGH  
TRIGGER-WORK!



THAT MUST BE BILLY ALL RIGHT... PROBABLY  
THINKS HE'S FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM  
CIVILIZATION TO RISK A FIRE! YOU GIMME  
YOUR **BADGE**, THEN RIDE INTO THE FOREST,  
SHUFFLE! THAT WAY BANCROFT WON'T KNOW  
YOU'RE A LAWMAN! THEN WE'LL FOLLOW  
YOU AND GRAB 'IM!



G-GIVE YOU MY **BADGE**? NOT ON YOUR  
LIFE, SHERIFF... THE FOLKS IN COWTOWN  
PINNED IT ON ME AND THEY'RE THE ON'Y  
ONES WHO CAN TAKE  
IT OFF! I'LL RIDE  
INTO THAT FOREST  
AFTER HIM WITH IT  
PINNED ON!

OKAY, PARDNER...  
HAVE IT YOUR  
OWN WAY! JUST  
BE CAREFUL...  
WE WARNED  
YOU!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

SEEMS TO ME IT'D BE BETTER TO **SURROUND** THIS COYOTE... L'LOT SAFER! BUT IF THE SHERIFF WANTS ME TO ACT AS A DECOY SO HIM AND HIS DEPUTY CAN FOLLER ME UP, THAT'S HOW WE'LL DO IT! SEEMS QUEER, THOUGH!



I-I'LL SHOW RIP I GOT MORE GUTS THAN A BARREL OF ORD'NARY LAW OFFICERS! I SURE HOPE THIS BANCROFT AIN'T TRIGGER HAPPY... AND THE S-SHERIFF MOVES IN F-FAST. ONCE I SIGHT 'IM! G-GETTING CLOSE...



C-CAN SMELL THE SMOKE! IF..IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO ME IT'LL BE RIP'S FAULT! T-THAT YOUNG NUMBSKULL NEVER SHOULD LET ME GO ON THIS MAN-HUNT!



C-COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS R-RAISED, M-MR. BANCROFT! N-NO NEED FOR Y-YOU TO KICK UP A FUSS... W-WE GOT THE WHOLE DANG PLACE SURROUNDED! F-FUNNY..NO ONE HERE!



HE MUSTA SEEN ME COMING AND SKEDADDLED! LUCKY FOR HIM... HUH?



DON'T MAKE A MOVE, YOU OLD MELON HEAD! STAY WHERE YOU ARE... AND LISTEN!

RIP RYAN! ARE... **YOU** BILLY BANCROFT?



COURSE NOT, FEATHER-BRAIN! BUT I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE HE **IS**... WITHOUT NEVER LAYING EYES ON 'IM!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



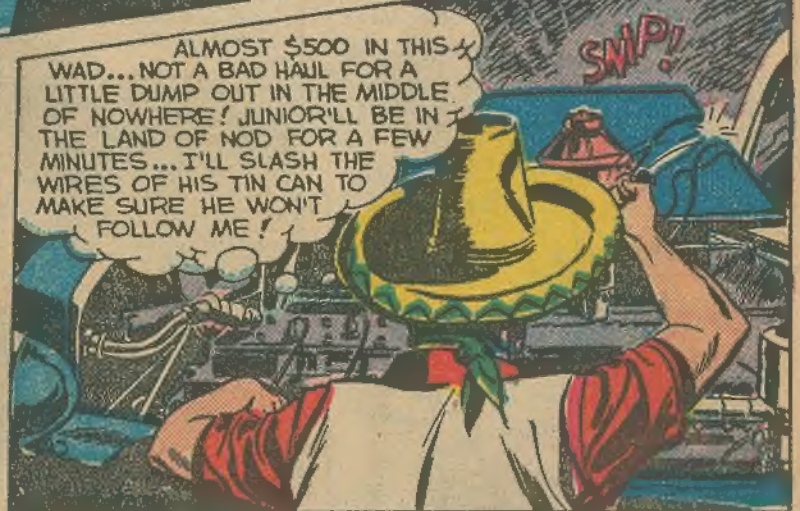
**AFTER BILLY'S PARTNER-IN-CRIME WAS SAFELY LOCKED IN THE COWTOWN JAIL, AND THE DEAD SHERIFF'S BODY SENT TO CENTRAL CITY...**





THE MAN-HUNT SEEMED DOOMED TO DISMAL FAILURE, FOR THE THIEF WHO HAD JUST LOOTED THE "LAST OUTPOST" WAS ESCAPING WITH BREATH-TAKING SPEED... WHILE ALL SKITCH CARTWELL COULD MUSTER WAS...

## ONE HORSEPOWER





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**P**ILING ABOARD HIS MUD-SPATTERED JEEP, THE THIEF ROARED OFF. A MINUTE PASSED, THEN...

UGH! F-FEEL LIKE A MOUNTAIN FELL ON ME. THAT.. THAT CROOK.. HE'S HEADED LICKETY SPLIT ACROSS THE PLAIN! G-GOT TO GET HOLD OF MYSELF...



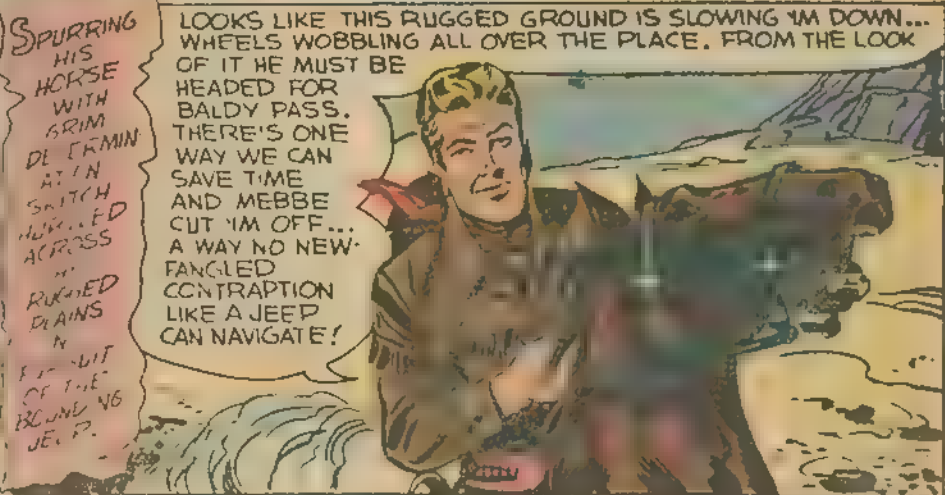
I-I'M STILL A LITTLE WOBBLY, BUT I CAN'T SIT AROUND AND FEEL SORRY FOR MYSELF! HE TOOK CARE OF THE CAR RIGHT PROPER... ON'Y ONE WAY LEFT FOR ME TO TRACK 'IM!



IT'S ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED.. OL' BUCKSKIN AGAINST THE HIGH POWERED JEEP... BUT \$500 DOESN'T GROW ON TREES! C'MON...LET'S START AMBLING...

SPURRING HIS HORSE WITH GRIM DETERMINATION, SNITCH HURRIED ACROSS THE RUGGED PLAINS IN A FLIT OF THE BLOND JB JEOP.

LOOKS LIKE THIS RUGGED GROUND IS SLOWING 'IM DOWN... WHEELS WOBBLING ALL OVER THE PLACE. FROM THE LOOK OF IT HE MUST BE HEADED FOR BALDY PASS. THERE'S ONE WAY WE CAN SAVE TIME AND MEBBE CUT 'IM OFF... A WAY NO NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTION LIKE A JEEP CAN NAVIGATE!



U UP YOU GO BUCKSKIN... HAIL!



SPARKS FLEW AS BUCKSKIN'S HOOVES TOUCHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE RAVINE. FOR A MOMENT THEY TEEETERED WILDLY, REGAINED BALANCE AND GALLOPED ON. A FEW MINUTES LATER...



EASY FELLER... LOOKS LIKE I GUESSED RIGHT. HERE HE COMES!



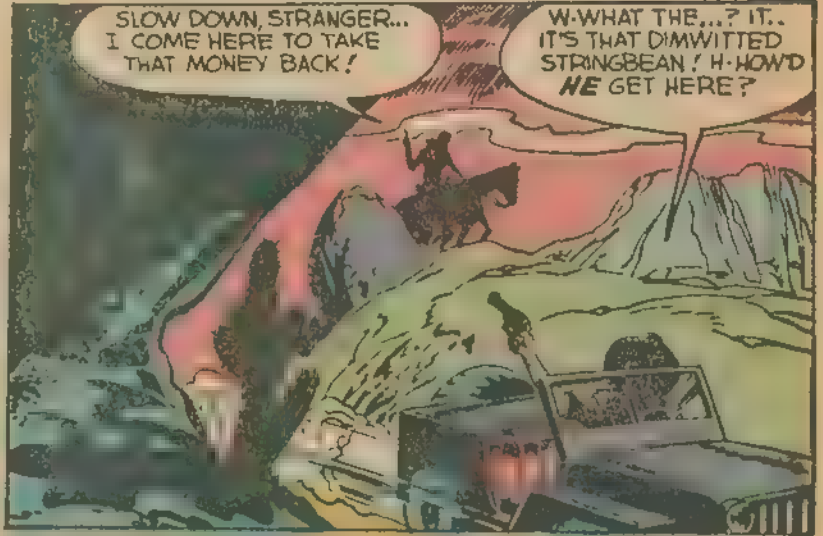
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THE WAY THIS LOBO'S  
REVING IT UP HE'D RIDE  
RIGHT OVER US WITHOUT  
BLINKING. GOTTA GIVE OUR-  
SELVES AN EVEN SHAKE...  
OR WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE  
AGAINST 'IM! MEBBE **THIS**  
WAY WE CAN AMBUSH  
THE RATTLESNAKE!



SLOW DOWN, STRANGER...  
I COME HERE TO TAKE  
THAT MONEY BACK!

W-WHAT THE...? IT..  
IT'S THAT DIMWITTED  
STRINGBEAN! H-HOW'D  
HE GET HERE?



GUESS I'LL NEVER KNOW,  
CAUSE I'M GONNA SEAL HIS  
MOUTH FOR GOOD!

ONE..  
TWO...



THREE..  
FOUR...

BLAM!  
BLAM!



...FIVE.. SIX! HIS GUN'S  
EMPTY... TIME FOR ME TO  
STICK MY NECK OUT AND  
DO A U'L TARGET PRACTICE  
OF MY OWN ' ON THAT  
REAR TIRE!

BLAM!  
BANG!



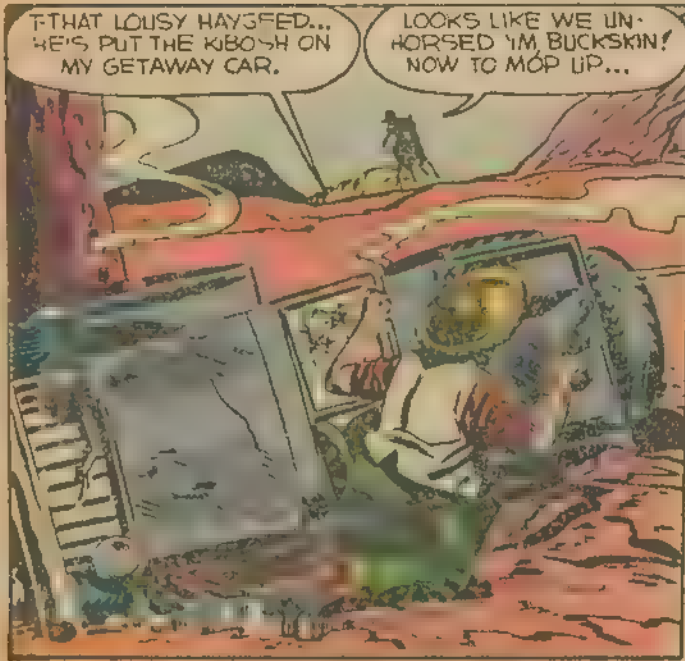
HE'S AIMING AT ME!  
G-GOTTA STEP ON THE  
GAS BEFORE.. AIEIEE!



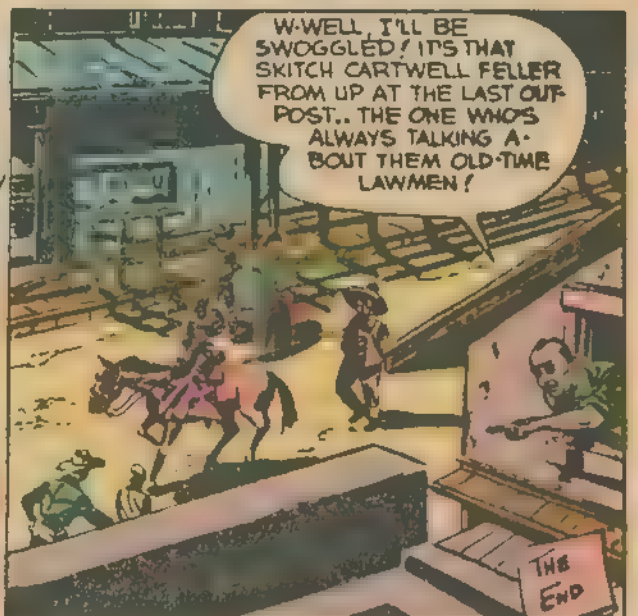
BLAM!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



A  
N  
HOUR  
LATER,  
A  
STRANGE  
PROCESSION  
MOVED  
DOWN  
THE  
MAIN  
STREET  
OF  
HORN  
RIM...



THE  
END



# SIX-GUN SAVVY



The Wells-Fargo Express stagecoach lurched down the steep mountain trail, its ancient creakings lost in the thunder of pounding hoofs. The bewhiskered driver glanced anxiously over his shoulder at the billowing plume of dust rising in his wake, and with a muffled curse, swung the ends of his lines and brought them down on the rump of the off wheeler with a resounding whack.

"That danged cloud o' dust is a dead give-away tuh every road agent in these parts!," he growled to the grim figure on the box beside him. "I shore hope we don't git jumped by that six-gun-loco Gunny Sack Bandit! The sidewinder is plumb kill-crazy."

"And I'm hoping we dol," came the slow, measured reply. "I've got some unfinished business with the maverick, and the quicker we lock horns, the quicker I aim to settle things! This time for good!," he added dryly.

For over a year the wily, mysterious Gunny Sack Bandit had eluded the crack man-hunters of the West. Those he had not eluded lay in scattered boothills. When Jimson's kid brother had gone to his death before the six-gun of the road agent, the ranger had volunteered to take the badman's trail, and had been promptly accepted.

"Bring him in dead or alive!," he had been bluntly ordered, "if it takes you the rest of your life!"

For months the Gunny Sack Bandit had been plundering the trails, leaving no clue in his deadly wake. Always he operated in the same fashion: A sudden burst of six-gun fire from ambush toppling the driver and shotgun messenger from atop the stagecoach, the quick plundering of the gold shipment by a lone figure with a gunny sack in which eye-holes had been cut out draped over his head and shoulders, followed by swift flight . . . and sure escape! For weeks Slaughter Jimson had haunted the trail in fruitless search. Then on a bleak, windswept trail on the outskirts of Antelope Lick, their paths had crossed.

Slaughter's thin lips tightened as he recalled the event which had ended in a gunsmoke standoff. The Gunny Sack Bandit's bullet had

ripped through his left shoulder, spinning him off the top of the stagecoach he rode. Twisting in mid-air, he had drawn and fired a snap shot with the unerring instinct of the natural gunslinger. The bullet had shattered the Gunny Sack Bandit's right wrist. For two months after that, the stagecoaches had rolled unmolested. Then, without warning, the outlaw had reappeared, deadlier than ever. And now Ranger Slaughter Jimson was back on the trail once more with "unfinished business" to settle — for good this time!

The trail narrowed, snaking its way through a boulder-strewn divide. The pace slackened as the terrain grew rougher. Suddenly the leaders tossed their heads and their ears pricked forward and swung to the right, as if to pick up some sound pitched beyond the range of human ears. Ranger Slaughter Jimson nudged the driver with his shoulder as he reached for the lines.

"Take cover inside the coach! I've got a sure-fire hunch that road agent might be . . .!" His words died aborning.

A sudden jolt sent them both toppling from the coach, as the air was shattered by the roaring blast of gunfire. A withering hail of slugs struck the box they had just vacated. Ranger Jimson's head crashed against a boulder. A myriad of colored lights flashed through his consciousness, and darkness engulfed him.

When he came to a few minutes later, the faint drumming of flying hoofs fading into the distance told its grim story. The Gunny Sack Bandit had struck again and had made his getaway. The driver lay in a huddled heap that was beginning to stir. The ranger shook the cobwebs from his mind as he arose, strode toward the stagecoach and clambered up. The driver's seat was raised, and the box beneath that had held the gold shipment was empty. For a long moment the ranger gazed at the bullet holes in it. Then, using his jackknife, he began goug-



# COWBOY WESTERN

ing. A moment later, a misshapen chunk of lead lay in the palm of his hand, being carefully weighed and scrutinized. A puzzled look spread faintly over his grim features and vanished in the wake of an equally grim, thin-lipped smile. With a panther-like bound, he was at the head of the startled Appaloosa bronc tied to the coach. A jerk on the reins freed them. Flashing into the saddle he was gone in a swirling cloud of dust and flying gravel, leaning far out of the saddle, scanning the trail he was hot on.

The tracks led toward a sprawling frontier town. Dusk was falling when he lost the trail in the mire of tracks that criss-crossed the approach to the one main street. Finding his mysterious quarry with not even a description to go on would be worse than looking for a needle in a haystack. And yet not quite! He had one slim clue to pin his hope on.

Ranger Jimson pulled his bronc up at the first hitching rack and swung down. For a moment he coolly surveyed the one street through narrowed eyes, taking careful note of the hitching racks. All were bare except the one before the Red Front Saloon. That rack was crowded with an assortment of broncs. His quarry had not had too much of a lead on him. He must have pushed his bronc to the limits of its speed and endurance to have stayed out of the Appaloosa bronc's range. The ranger strode over to the hitching rack and passed behind the loafing broncs, running his hand over their rumps as he did so. His hand came away wet from the hot rump of a weary buckskin.

He strode up to the swinging doors of the saloon and pushed through, his falcon-fierce eyes sweeping the scene before him. Then they settled on the long row of dusty men lined up at the bar. One of them was the man he sought. He was nearing the end of the trail. His next move would bring his quarry to bay for the final showdown. His orders had been, "Bring him in dead or alive!" and he would carry out those orders. Whether it was dead or alive would depend on how the badman wanted to play his hand. To Slaughter Jimson it made no difference. He loosened his vocal chords and spoke in a clear, crisp voice.

"Gents! There's a maverick among you that I aim to bring in! I want him to give himself up now, while he's got the chance!"

Dead silence filled the room. Not a man stirred. The ranger's voice took on the slow, measured cadence of a metronome.

"If my next order stampedes you gents there's going to be a mess of blood spilt, so I want you all to take it slow and easy-like. I want you gents to put your six-guns on the bar before you one at a time, starting with the gent on the left!"

The man cast him an anxious glance and be-

gan to comply. Out of the corner of his eye the ranger caught a movement. With the dazzling speed of forked lightning, he whirled and dipped, and the twinkling six-guns in his hands spat twin jets of scarlet flame as they roared in unison. The man who had made his move and lost was spun forcibly against the bar. His half-drawn six-gun dropped, struck the brass rail with a metallic clank and thudded to the floor. The man hung poised against the bar with jaws agape, clutching in wonder at the crimson blotch spreading across his shirtfront. Slowly he slumped forward, fell heavily to the floor, rolled face downward and lay still.

The ranger stared at the body coldly and addressed the bartender.

"Did this maverick leave any of his belongings with you?"

The bartender gasped with surprise.

"Y-Yeah H-He asked me if he could cache his bedroll under the bar for a few hours! H-How did you know that?" he stammered.

"Bring it out!" ordered the ranger.

The man obeyed with alacrity. The ranger loosened the straps and unrolled the bedroll. A heavy canvas bag stencilled BILOE MINING CO. and a gunny sack with eye-holes cut out of it lay before them.

The swinging doors suddenly exploded inwardly. A stormy sheriff and his deputies strode into the room.

"Whut in thunder's goin' on hyar?," the sheriff roared. "I heard the gunplay an' come a runnin'!" He stopped short and stared down at the body. "Who's he?," he added.

"The Gunny Sack Bandit!," replied Ranger Slaughter Jimson casually. "I reckon my unfinished business with him is plumb settled at last!"

"But-But how in tarnation did you know who he was?," sputtered the sheriff. "Thar wasn't even a description out on the sidewinder!"

"Pick up his six-gun and look at it!," the ranger commanded. "You'll find it's a .38 mounted on a .44 frame!"

The sheriff picked up the six-gun and looked at it, scratching his head in wonder.

"Yuh're plump right, Ranger, but it beats me how yuh could o' knowed that!" he drawled.

"It's plump simple!," explained Ranger Slaughter Jimson. "I smashed his right wrist with a bullet the last time our trails crossed. When I dug a .38 caliber slug out of a stage-coach shot up today, I knew he must have had a .38 mounted on his old .44 frame to lighten the force of the recoil on his weakened wrist. That gave me the one clue I needed. Not many men in these parts pack a .38. Just chalk the victory up to six-gun savvy," he added with a grim smile.

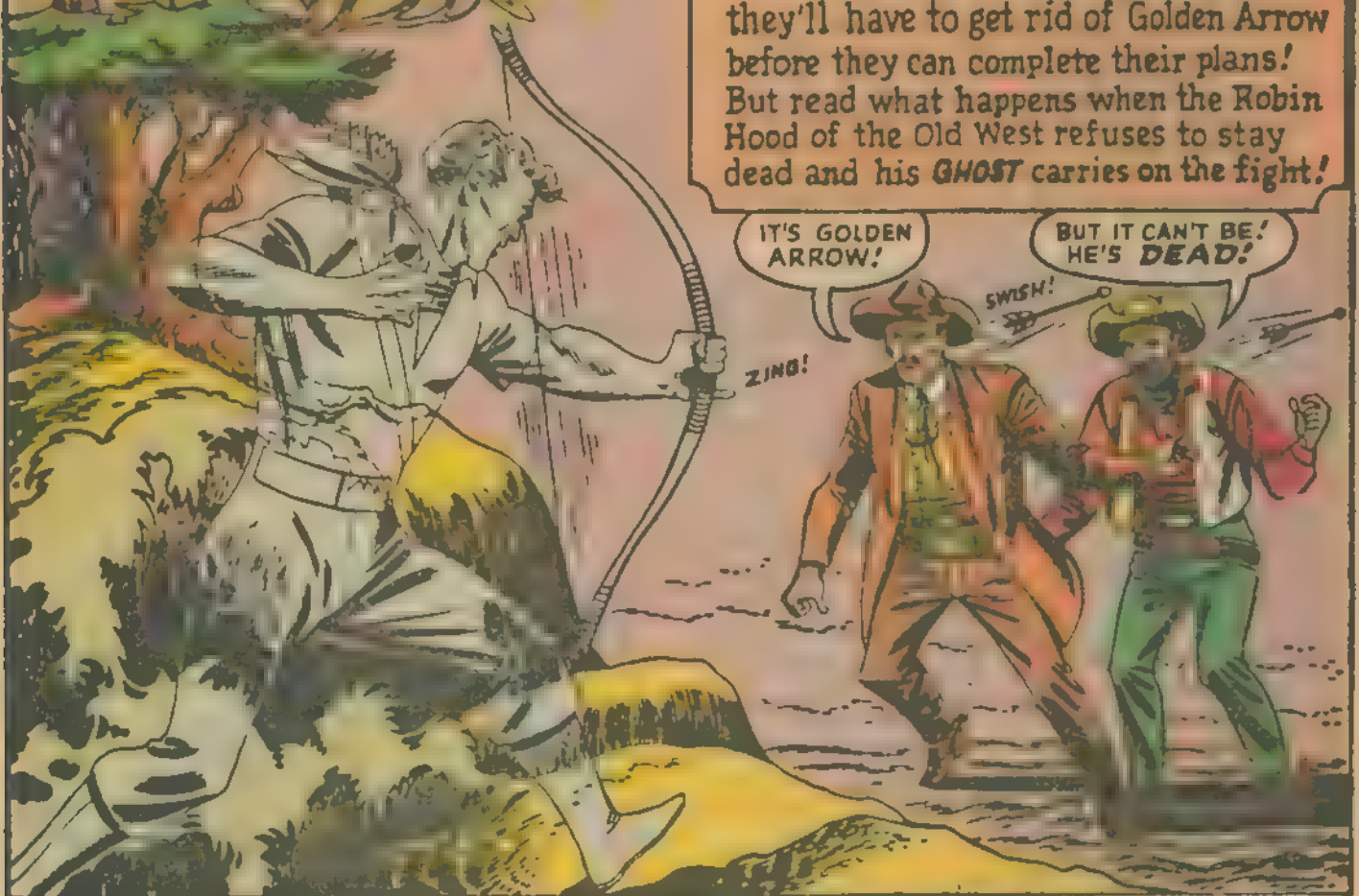
THE END



# GOLDEN ARROW

## in THE GHOST of Golden Arrow

WHEN the vicious criminals try to steal the oil rich valley, they know they'll have to get rid of Golden Arrow before they can complete their plans! But read what happens when the Robin Hood of the Old West refuses to stay dead and his **GHOST** carries on the fight!



IT'S GOLDEN ARROW!

BUT IT CAN'T BE! HE'S DEAD!

ZING!

SWISH!

AS GOLDEN ARROW RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF DRY GULCH HE STOPS AT THE SHOP OF PAUL TRYON, THE LOCAL ARTIST---

HOWDY, PAUL, I'VE BEEN AWAY FOR RIGHT CLOSE TO A MONTH NOW! I RECKON YOU OUGHT TO HAVE THAT PICTURE OF ME FINISHED BY NOW!

I SHORE HAVE, GOLDEN ARROW! I SAW YOU COMING UP THE STREET SO I BROUGHT IT RIGHT OUT!

Artist

Forbette Done

THERE IT IS! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

IT'S A RIGHT GOOD PICTURE OF ME! LET'S ROLL IT UP AGAIN AND I'LL PUT IT WITH MY BLANKET ROLL!

AFTER GOLDEN ARROW HAS PAID FOR THE PICTURE ---

THE TOWN LOOKS PLUMB EMPTY TODAY! WHERE IS EVERYONE!

MOST FOLKS ARE AT THE TOWN HALL AT THE SHERIFF'S MEETING! THEY'RE DISCUSSING WHAT TO DO ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S GANG AND THEIR RAIDS ON THE RANCHERS! IT APPEARS LIKE CHUCK VOSSNER IS TRYING TO PUSH EVERYONE OUT OF THE VALLEY!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AT THE MENTION OF TROUBLE GOLDEN ARROW LOSES NO TIME IN GETTING OVER TO THE TOWN HALL!

YOU ALL KNOW I DON'T WANT TO LOSE THE **BAR Z**, BUT WE KNOW WE'RE NO MATCH FER VOSSNER AND HIS GUNMEN! I SAY WE GIVE IN NOW TO SAVE OUR LIVES AND THEN SEND FER THE TROOPS TO CHASE THOSE OUTLAWS OFF OUR SPREADS!



I OWN THE **LAZY B** AND I DON'T AIM TO GIVE IT UP WITHOUT A FIGHT! I SAY WE BAND TOGETHER AND FIGHT IT OUT WITH CHUCK VOSSNER AND HIS ARMY OF KILLERS!



I WANT TO THANK YOU MEN FER COMING HYAR AND GIVING ME YORE IDEAS ON HOW TO FIGHT THIS MENACE! I SEE THAT OUR OLD FRIEND GOLDEN ARROW HAS JUST COME INTO THE HALL, SO IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I WANT TO TALK THIS SITUATION OVER WITH HIM!



AFTER THE SHERIFF TELLS GOLDEN ARROW ABOUT CHUCK VOSSNER'S ACTIVITIES --

-- SO YOU SEE THIS VOSSNER IS NO SMALL TIME ROBBING RAIDER! HE'S THE LEADER OF A LARGE BAND THET SEEMS TO BE MAKING A SYSTEMATIC DRIVE TO PUSH ALL RANCHERS OUT OF THE VALLEY!

THEN WHY DON'T YOU JUST ARM A LARGE POSSE AND GO OUT AND FIGHT THE JASPERS?



BECAUSE VOSSNER IS A GOODD GUN-MAN, BUT I JUST DON'T THINK HE'S SMART ENOUGH TO WORK OUT A BIG PROJECT LIKE CLEARING THE VALLEY! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'S WORKING FER SOMEONE AND I WANT THE BIG BOSS BEHIND THE RAIDS!



I'M READY TO HELP! WHEN DO YOU AIM TO GET STARTED?

I RECKON THERE ISN'T MUCH WE CAN DO TILL TOMORROW MORNING! SUPPOSE YOU SPEND THE NIGHT AT THE SMALL EMPTY SHACK UP IN THE HILLS, AND IN THE MORNING, WE'LL GET TOGETHER AND SET UP A PLAN OF ACTION!



THAT NIGHT, GOLDEN ARROW IS AWAKENED BY NOISES IN HIS SHACK!

WHO'S THERE? HUH! HEY, WHAT IS THIS? I'M TIED TO THE BED!



I'M CHUCK VOSSNER AND I'VE HEARD OF YORE REPUTATION FER HELPING THE LAW! I AIM TO MAKE SHORE YOU STAY OUT OF THINGS AROUND HYAR!

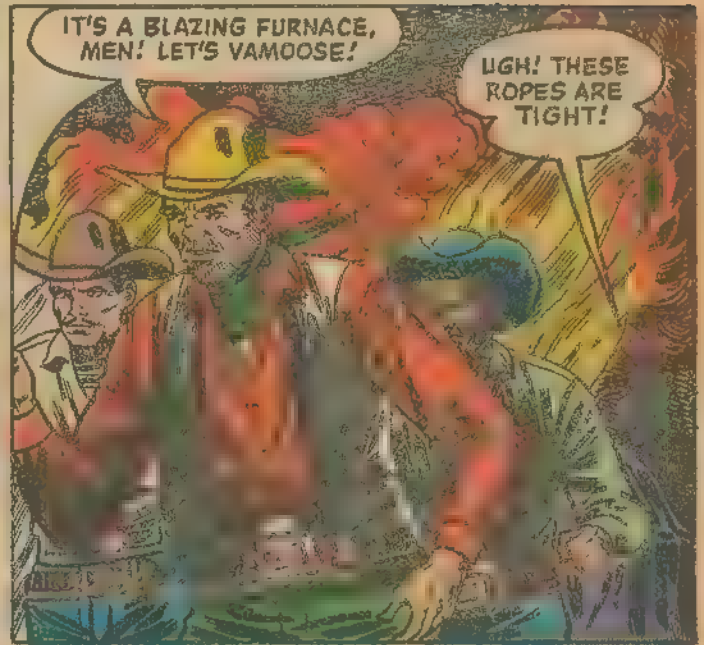




# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



ALL RIGHT, MEN, SET  
FIRE TO THE  
SHACK!

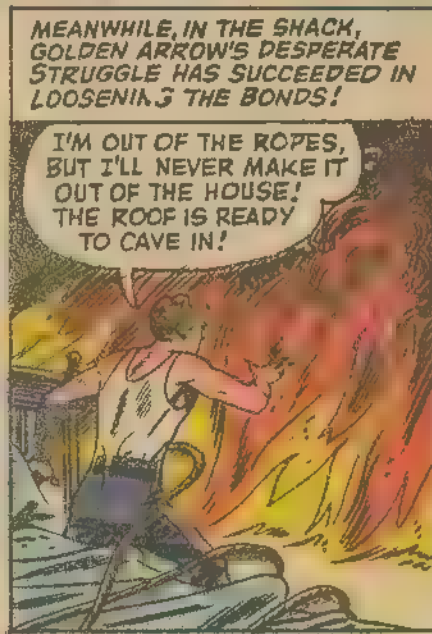


IT'S A BLAZING FURNACE,  
MEN! LET'S VAMOOSE!

UGH! THESE  
ROPES ARE  
TIGHT!



WE'LL WAIT HYAR AWHILE JUST  
TO MAKE SHORE HE DOESN'T  
BREAK LOOSE AND GET OUT!  
IF HE SHOULD GET FREE,  
I'LL PLUG HIM BEFORE  
HE GETS THROUGH  
THE DOORWAY!

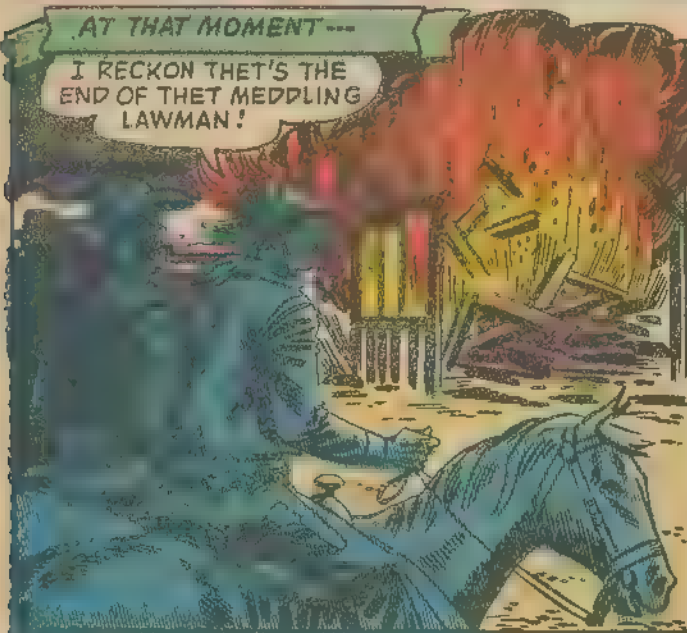


MEANWHILE, IN THE SHACK,  
GOLDEN ARROW'S DESPERATE  
STRUGGLE HAS SUCCEEDED IN  
LOOSENING THE BONDS!

I'M OUT OF THE ROPES,  
BUT I'LL NEVER MAKE IT  
OUT OF THE HOUSE!  
THE ROOF IS READY  
TO CAVE IN!

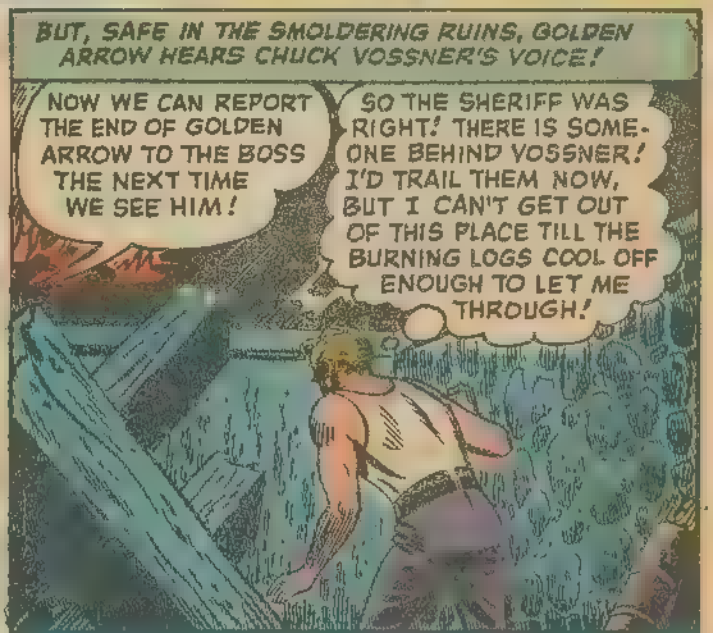


I'LL JUST HAVE TIME TO  
GRAB MY THINGS AND DUCK  
DOWN HERE FOR SHELTER!



AT THAT MOMENT---

I RECKON THET'S THE  
END OF THET MEDDLING  
LAWMAN!



BUT, SAFE IN THE SMOLDERING RUINS, GOLDEN  
ARROW HEARS CHUCK VOSSNER'S VOICE!

NOW WE CAN REPORT  
THE END OF GOLDEN  
ARROW TO THE BOSS  
THE NEXT TIME  
WE SEE HIM!

SO THE SHERIFF WAS  
RIGHT! THERE IS SOME-  
ONE BEHIND VOSSNER!  
I'D TRAIL THEM NOW,  
BUT I CAN'T GET OUT  
OF THIS PLACE TILL THE  
BURNING LOGS COOL OFF  
ENOUGH TO LET ME  
THROUGH!



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

LATER, GOLDEN ARROW ARRIVES AT THE SHERIFF'S HOME ---

WAKE UP, SHERIFF! YOU WERE RIGHT! THERE IS SOMEONE BEHIND CHUCK VOSSNER AND I HAVE AN IDEA HOW TO MAKE HIM REVEAL HIS IDENTITY!

WHAT DO YOU AIM TO DO?

VOSSNER THINKS HE'S KILLED ME, SO I'M GOING TO HAUNT HIM UNTIL HE RUNS TO HIS BOSS FOR PROTECTION! WHEN HE DOES, I'LL FIND OUT WHO HIS BOSS IS! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PICK UP A LENGTH OF CHAIN AND I'M OFF!

SCRATCH GRAVEL, WHITE WIND! WE'RE GOING TO ACT OUT A GHOST STORY!



SOME TIME LATER, IN THE HILLS ---

THERE'S THEIR HIDE-OUT AND THAT'S CHUCK VOSSNER SITTING IN THE CABIN! HERE'S WHERE HE'S GOING TO BE STARTLED OUT OF A YEAR'S GROWTH!



HUH! GOLDEN ARROWS! BUT IT CAN'T BE! GOLDEN ARROW IS DEAD!

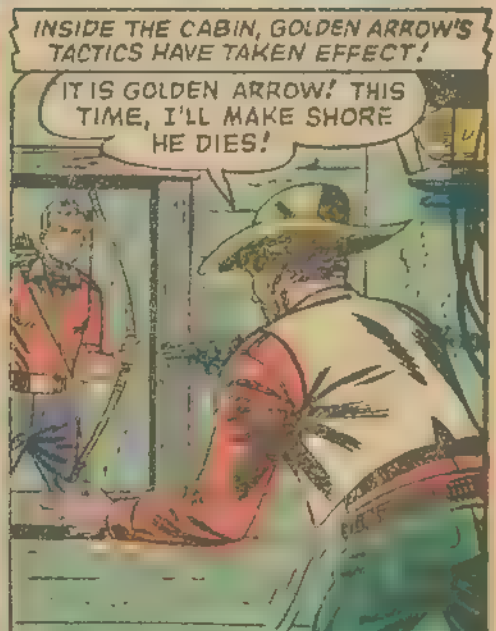


THAT IS ONLY THE BEGINNING! NOW THE ORNERY VARMINT IS GOING TO GET THE REAL SPOOK TREATMENT!

THIS CHAIN RATTLE WILL HELP PUT HIM IN THE SPIRIT OF THINGS!

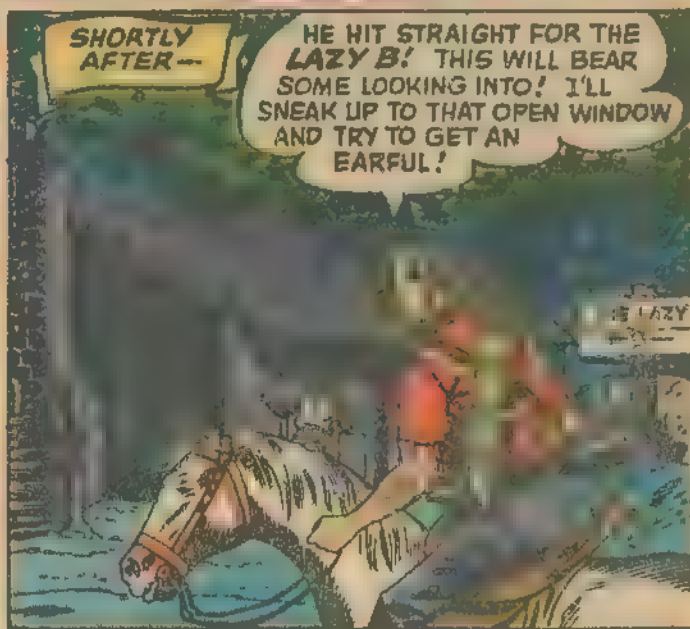
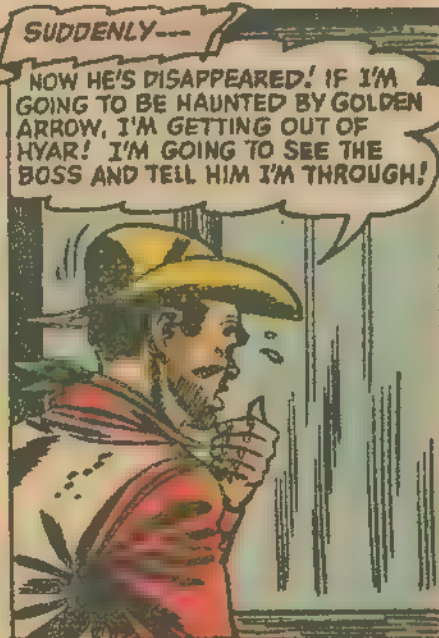
INSIDE THE CABIN, GOLDEN ARROW'S TACTICS HAVE TAKEN EFFECT!

IT IS GOLDEN ARROW! THIS TIME, I'LL MAKE SHORE HE DIES!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

AND A FEW SECONDS LATER ---

I THOUGHT I CAUGHT A GLIMPSE OF SOME OWLHOOT IN THAT WINDOW! NOW REACH, LAWMAN, AND GET INTO THE HOUSE!

HUH!



IT'S GOLDEN ARROW --- AND HE'S ALIVE!

RIGHT! AND THAT'S WHY WE CAN'T DELAY ANY LONGER! I'LL RIDE TO THE SHERIFF AND TELL HIM THE GOLDEN ARROW HAS LOCATED THE VOSSNER GANG IN THE HILLS AND HE WANTS THE RANCHERS TO COME OUT AND CLEAN OUT THE GANG!



THEN I'LL LEAD ALL THE RANCHERS TO A SPOT WHERE YOU AND YORE MEN CAN AMBUSH THEM. YOU KILL OFF ALL THE LAND OWNERS AND LEAVE IT CLEAR FER ME TO GRAB ALL THE LAND --- AND ALSO THE OIL BENEATH IT!



BUT FIRST TIE UP THIS HOMBRE! WE MAY NEED HIM AS A HOSTAGE LATER!

RIGHT, BOSS, AND THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY!



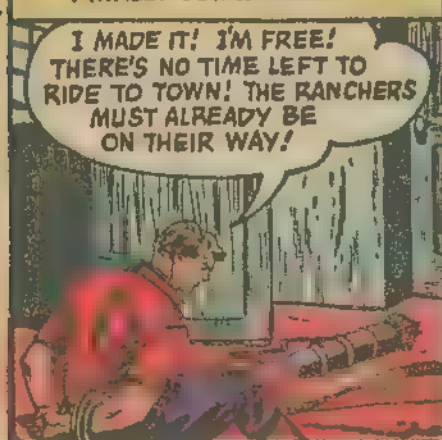
SOON ---

DON'T FORGET! I'LL LEAD THE RANCHERS THROUGH KOSTER PASS WHERE YOU AND YORE MEN WILL BE WAITING!

DON'T WORRY, BOSS, IT WILL BE A MASSACRE!



KNOWING THAT EVERY SECOND COUNTS, GOLDEN ARROW STRUGGLES VALIANTLY WITH THE ROPES THAT BIND HIM, BUT IT IS HOURS LATER BEFORE HIS WRISTS, RAW FROM THE FRICTION OF THE ROUGH ROPES, FINALLY COME FREE!



I MADE IT! I'M FREE! THERE'S NO TIME LEFT TO RIDE TO TOWN! THE RANCHERS MUST ALREADY BE ON THEIR WAY!

I'VE GOT TO BEAT THEM TO KOSTER PASS OR IT'S SURE DEATH FOR ALL OF THEM!



AFTER A BREATHTAKING RIDE ---

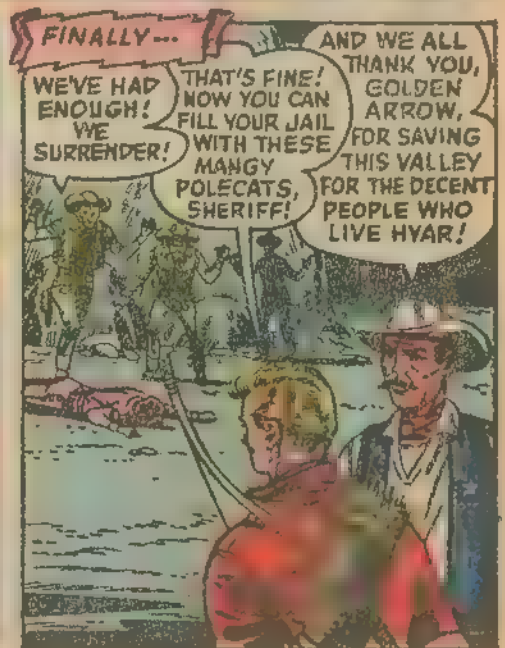
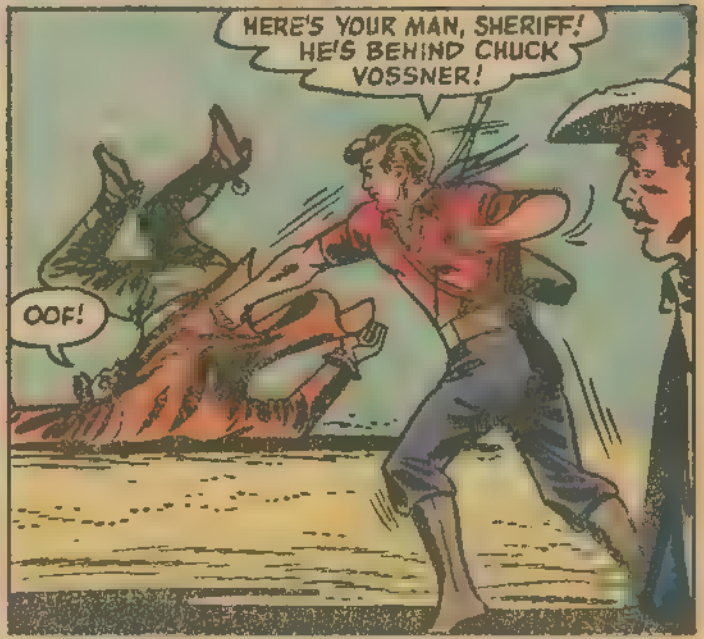
HOLD IT, SHERIFF! THERE'S AN AMBUSH WAITING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PASS!

GOLDEN ARROW! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

## Rocky Lane

A  
BLACK JACK  
STORY

Buy in  
The  
TERROR

**T**HOROUGHbred horses disappear without trace and touch off hair-trigger tempers in a sweeping, turbulent tide of violence that even the six-gun prowess and pile-driving power of Rocky Lane's mighty fists cannot stem--until the great stallion, **BLACK JACK** hurls himself into the maelstrom to meet the murderous challenge of **THE STALKING TERROR!**

**T**HE INDOMITABLE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, ROCKY LANE, RACES HIS GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK** OVER A RUGGED MOUNTAIN TRAIL....

EASY, BLACK JACK, OLD PARD! THESE MOUNTAIN TRAILS CALL FOR SOME MIGHTY SURE FOOTING!

**S**UDDENLY....

HELP!  
LEMME GO...  
I'M PLUMB  
INNOCENT!

STRING THE  
HOSS-STEALING  
VARMINT UP!

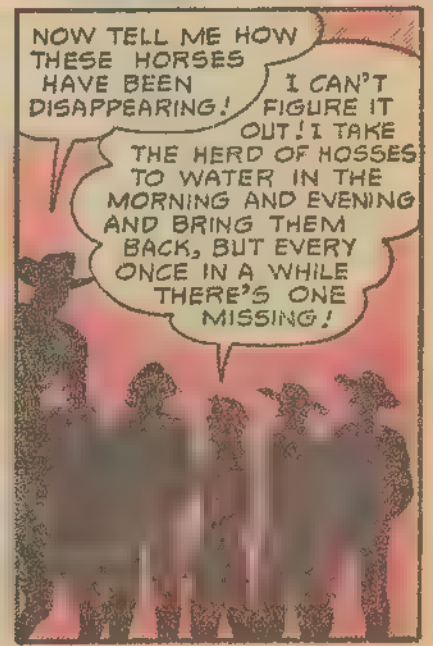
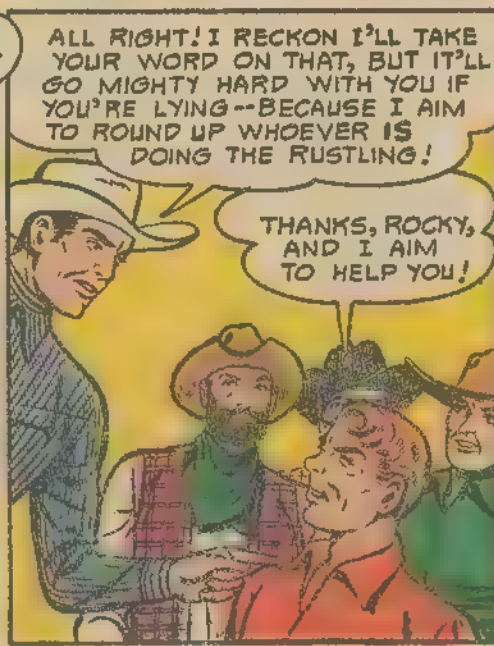
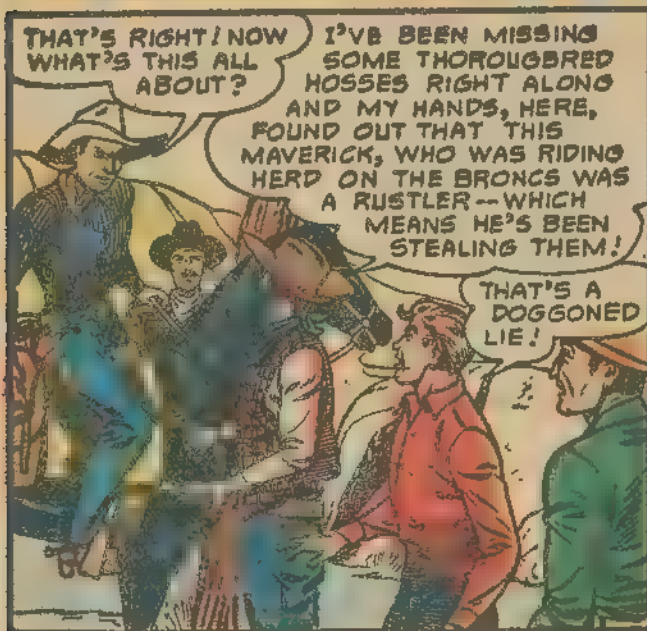
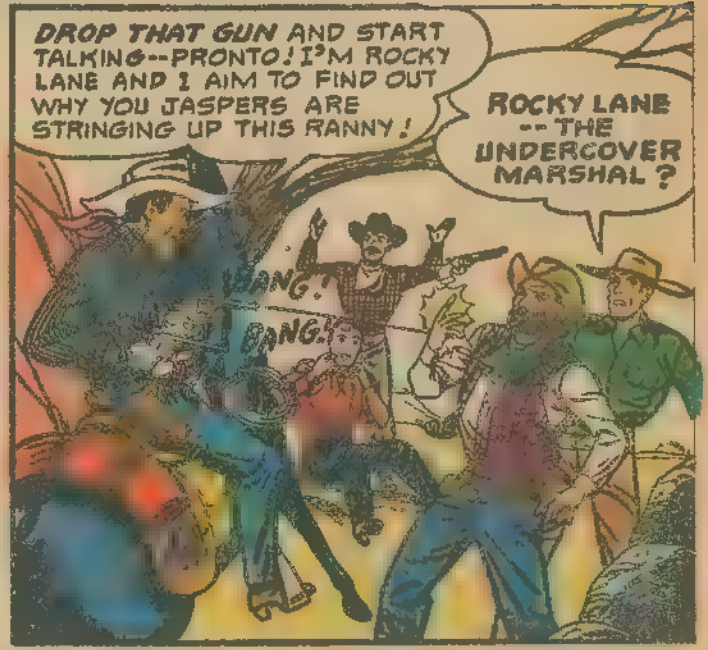
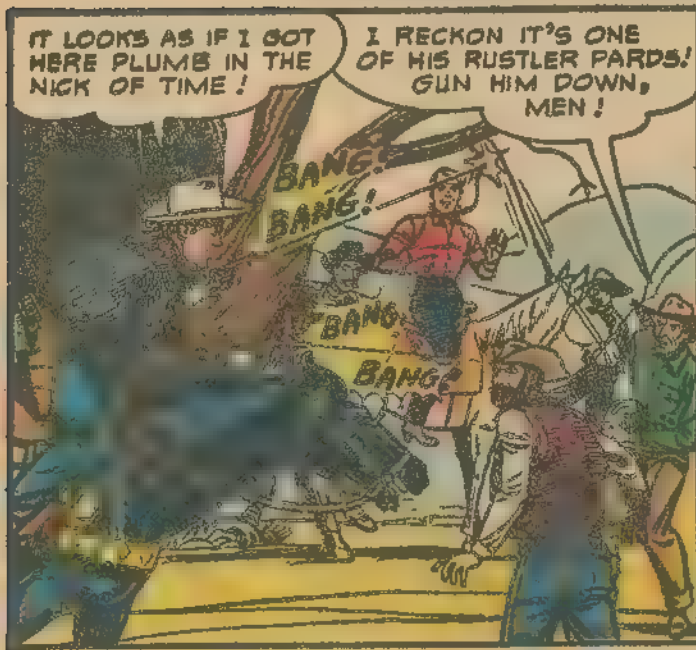
WHOA,  
BLACK JACK!  
THAT SOUNDS AS IF  
A NECKTIE PARTY  
IS FIXING TO COME  
OFF!

LET'S GO, BLACK JACK!  
I AIM TO TAKE A  
HAND IN THIS!

HAUL  
AWAY, MEN!  
HE'S AN EX-RUSTLER  
AND A LEOPARD  
DOESN'T CHANGE  
ITS SPOTS, I  
RECKON!

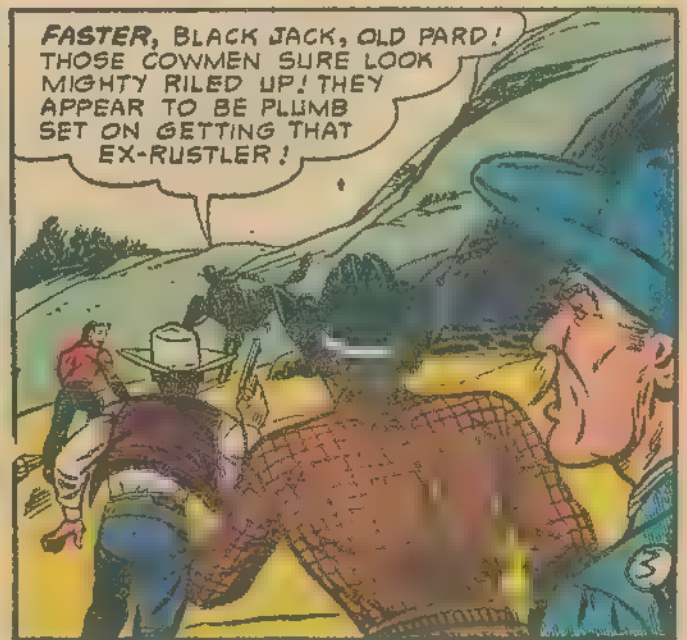
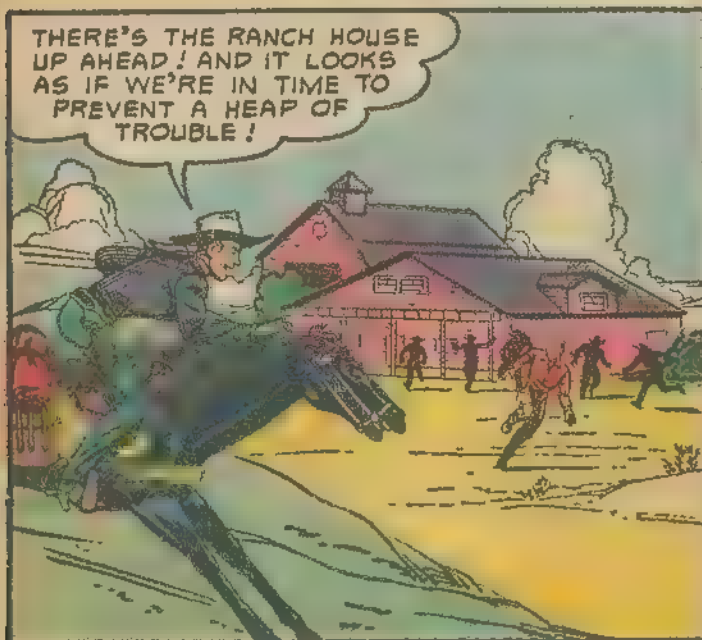
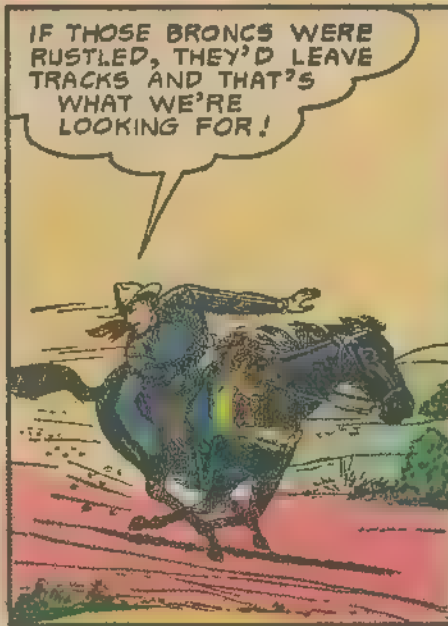
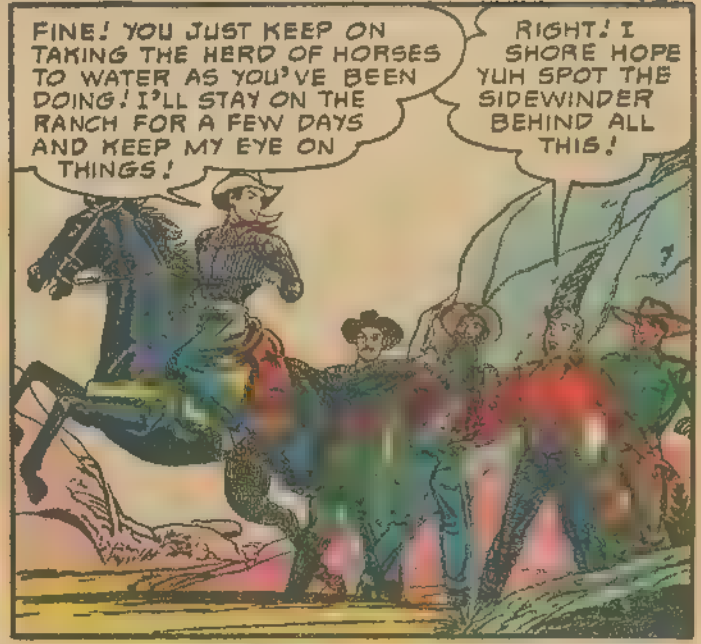
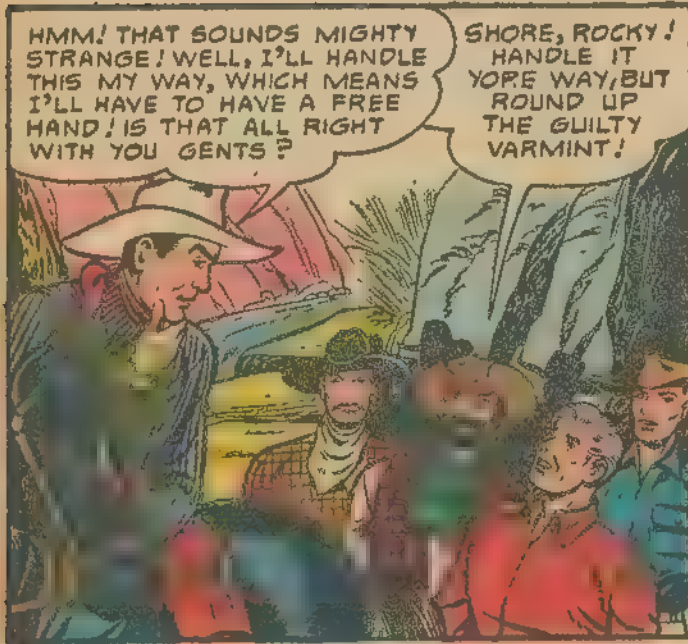


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



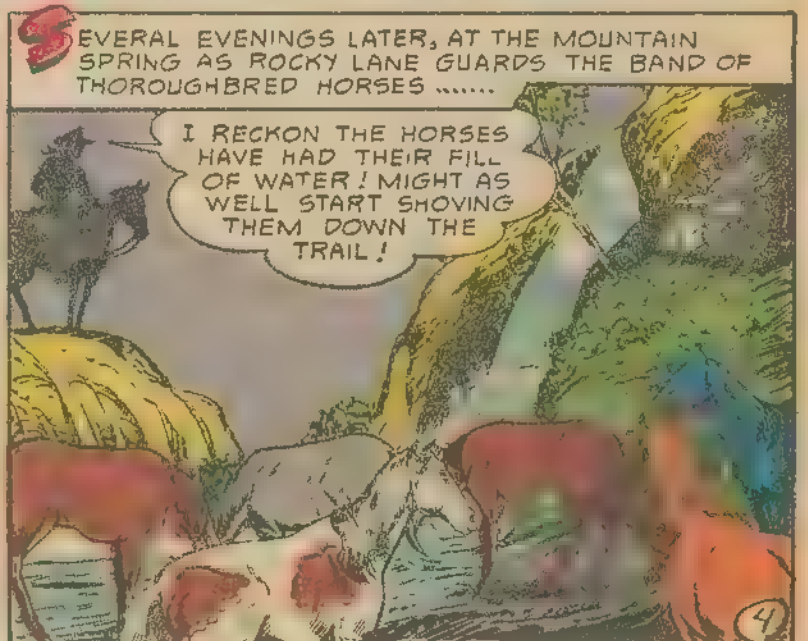
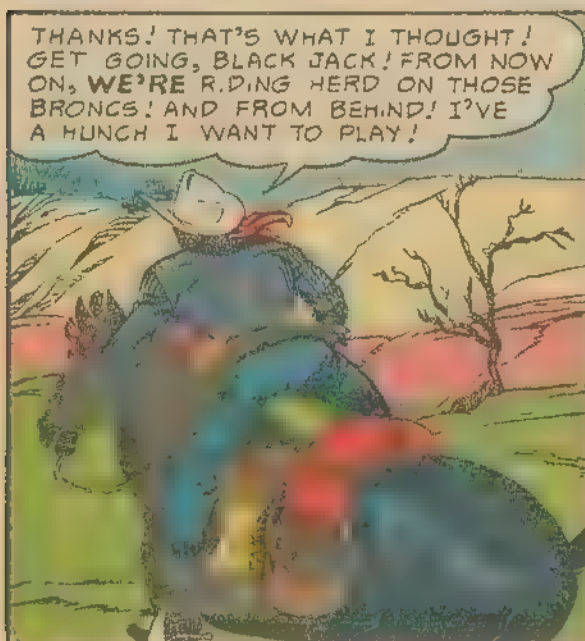
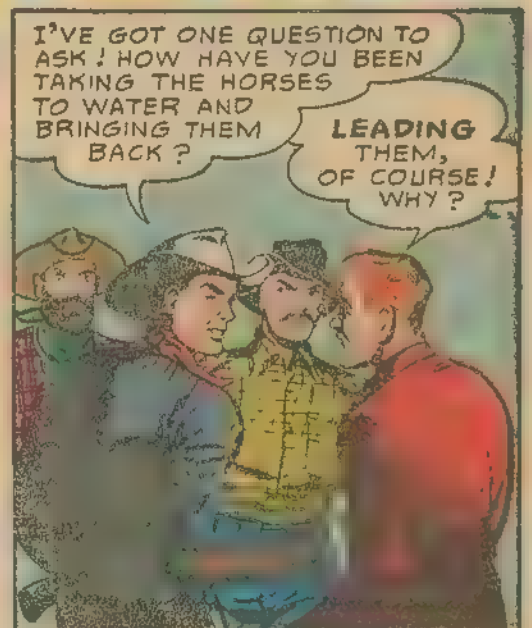
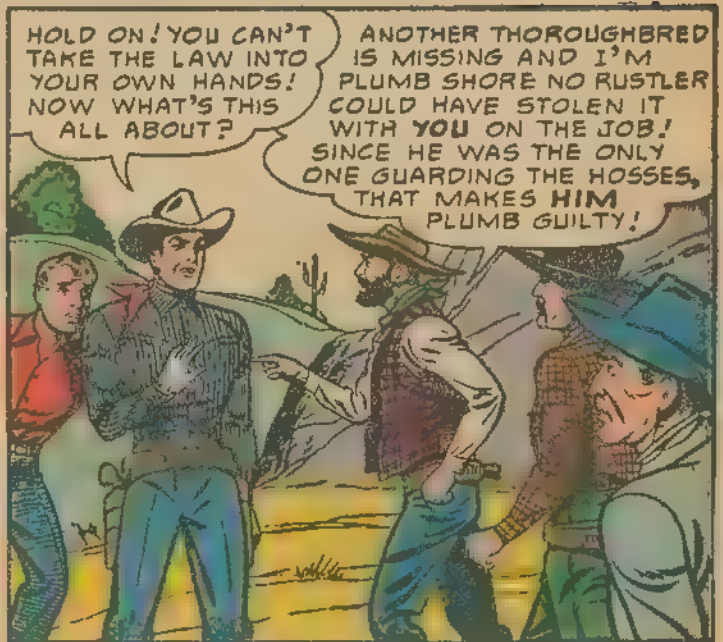
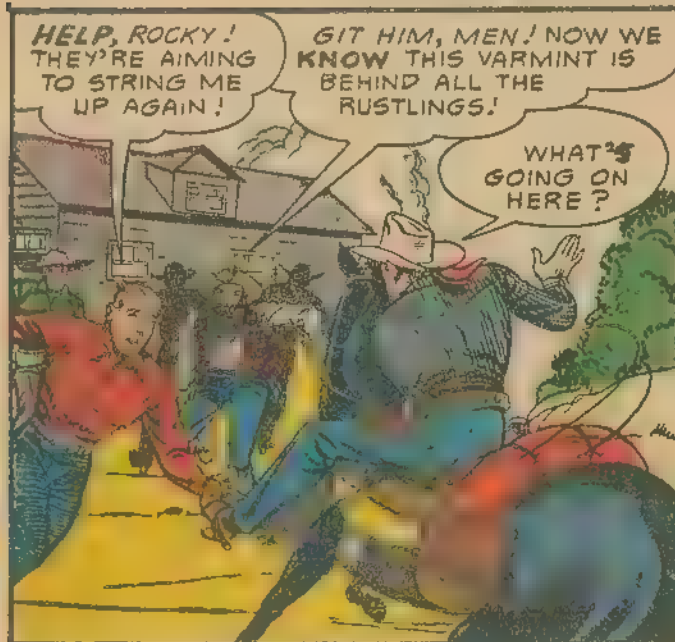


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

THAT EX-RUSTLER MADE ONE BIG MISTAKE, I RECKON! HE LED THE HERD WHICH MEANS THEY WERE BEHIND HIM! I AIM TO HERD THE HORSES IN FRONT OF ME WHERE I CAN KEEP MY EYE ON THEM ALL THE TIME!



**S**UDDENLY--- WITHOUT WARNING...

A MOUNTAIN LION!

GRRRR!



**A**S THE FEROCIOUS MOUNTAIN LION POISES A MIGHTY CLAWED PAW FOR THE SLASHING DEATH-STROKE, THE GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK**, WHIRLS TO THE DEFENSE OF HIS BELOVED MASTER.....



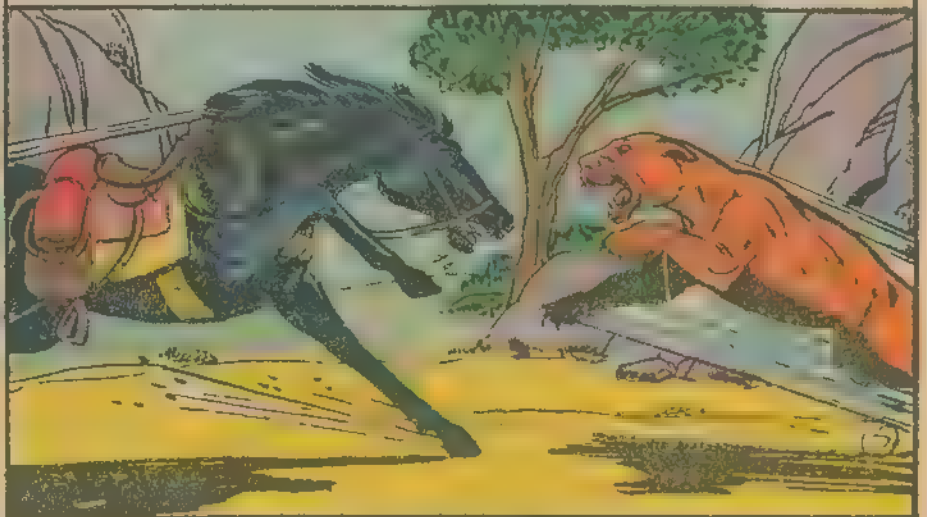
CONK!



.... AND FACES THE SNARLING FURY OF THE STALKING TERROR!



**A**S THE RAPACIOUS KILLER SAVAGELY TURNS ITS BLAZING FURY TOWARD THE GREAT STALLION, **BLACK JACK** UNDAUNTEDLY PLUNGES FORWARD TO MEET THE ATTACK WITH THE THUNDERING VIOLENCE OF A RAGING TORNADO GONE BESERK!





# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

**A**S THE GREAT RAKING CLAWS OF THE MOUNTAIN LION SLASH TOWARD THE VITAL JUGULAR VEIN, **BLACK JACK** LASHES OUT WITH LIGHTNING SPEED--SENDING HIS MURDEROUS ASSAILANT FLYING!



**A**S THE GREAT-HEARTED **BLACK JACK** FURIOUSLY CHARGES TO END THE FRAY, THE WILY MOUNTAIN KILLER DEFTLY SIDE-STEPS, AND...



...LEAPS TO THE MIGHTY STALLION'S BACK FOR THE KILL!



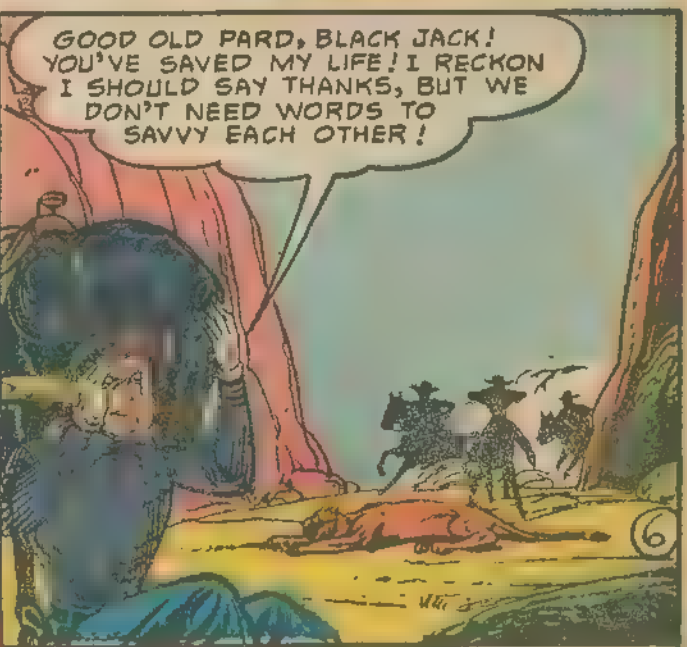
**B**UT THE KEEN, INTELLIGENT MIND OF **BLACK JACK** HAS SEIZED THE STRATEGY IN A TWINKLING FLASH AND GOES INTO INSTANTANEOUS ACTION .....



... AND ROLLS, PINNING THE SNARLING KILLER TO THE GROUND IN A CRESCENDO OF FRIGHTFUL SCREAMS AND BREAKING BONES .....

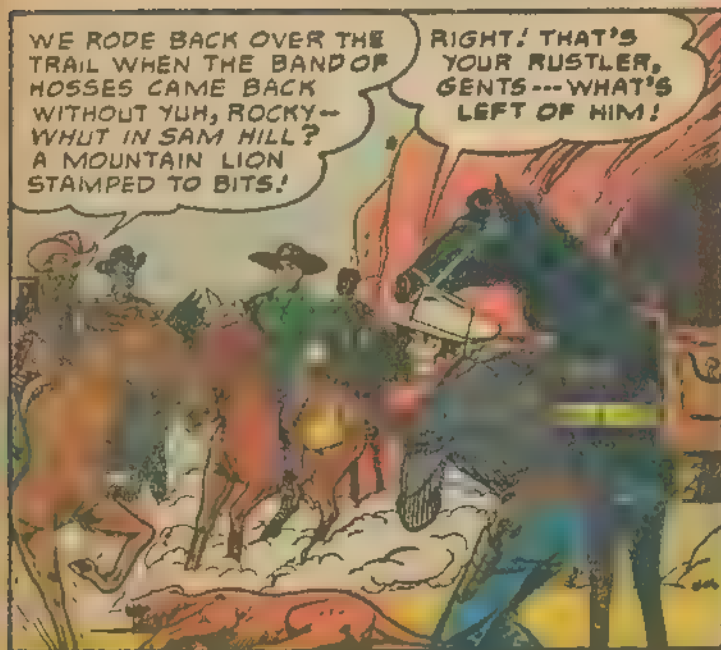


**B**LACK JACK WHIRLS AND STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH THE EARTH-SHAKING FORCE OF LIGHTNING, STAMPING THE MURDEROUS SPARK OF LIFE OUT OF THE GREAT KILLER-CAT!

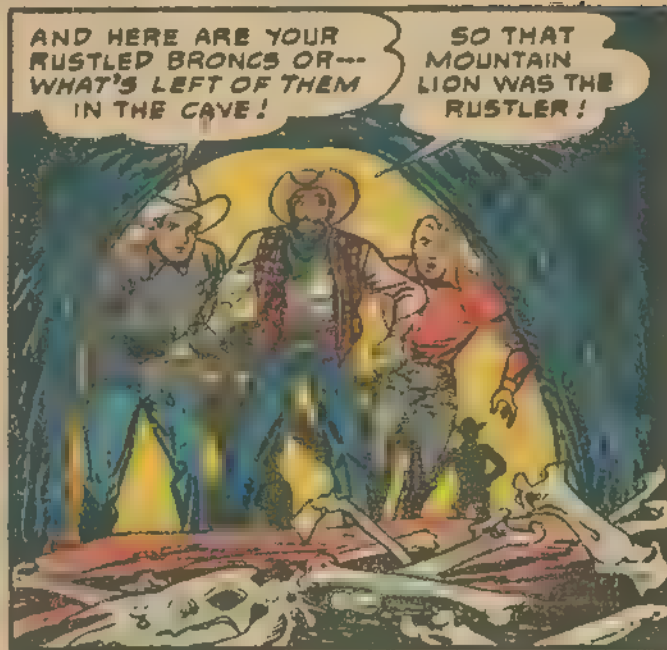




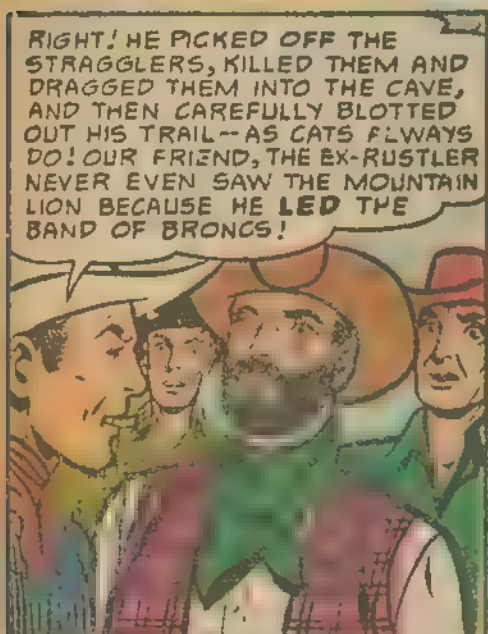
# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS



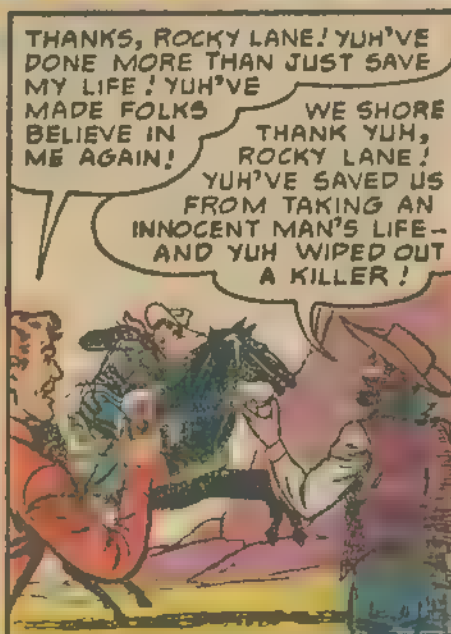
RIGHT! THAT'S YOUR RUSTLER, GENTS---WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM!



SO THAT MOUNTAIN LION WAS THE RUSTLER!



RIGHT! HE PICKED OFF THE STRAGGLERS, KILLED THEM AND DRAGGED THEM INTO THE CAVE, AND THEN CAREFULLY BLOTED OUT HIS TRAIL--AS CATS FLWAYS DO! OUR FRIEND, THE EX-RUSTLER NEVER EVEN SAW THE MOUNTAIN LION BECAUSE HE LED THE BAND OF BRONCS!



THANKS, ROCKY LANE! YUH'VE DONE MORE THAN JUST SAVE MY LIFE! YUH'VE MADE FOLKS BELIEVE IN ME AGAIN!

WE SHORE THANK YUH, ROCKY LANE! YUH'VE SAVED US FROM TAKING AN INNOCENT MAN'S LIFE-- AND YUH WIPED OUT A KILLER!



THANKS, BUT THE CREDIT FOR ALL THIS GOES TO BLACK JACK! GET RAMBLING, OLD PARD, AND I DO MEAN PARD!

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF

## Rocky Lane

AND HIS HORSE BLACK JACK

*in his own magazine...*

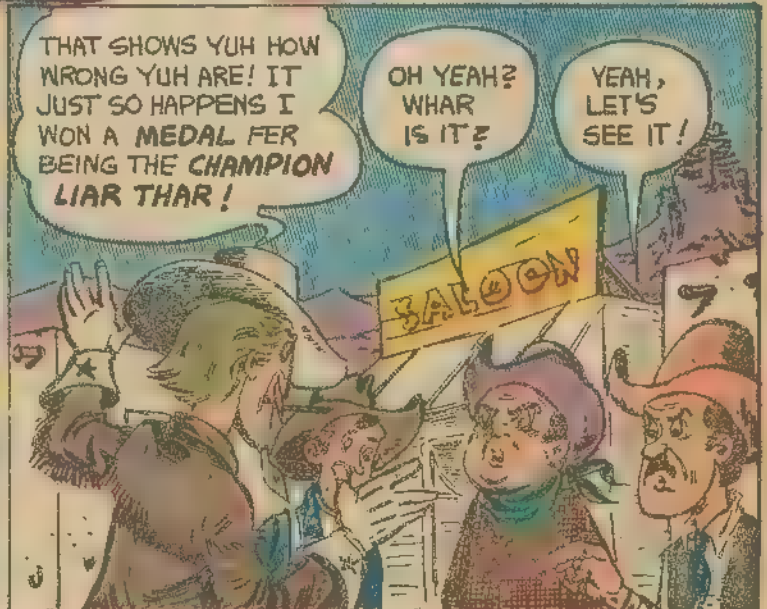
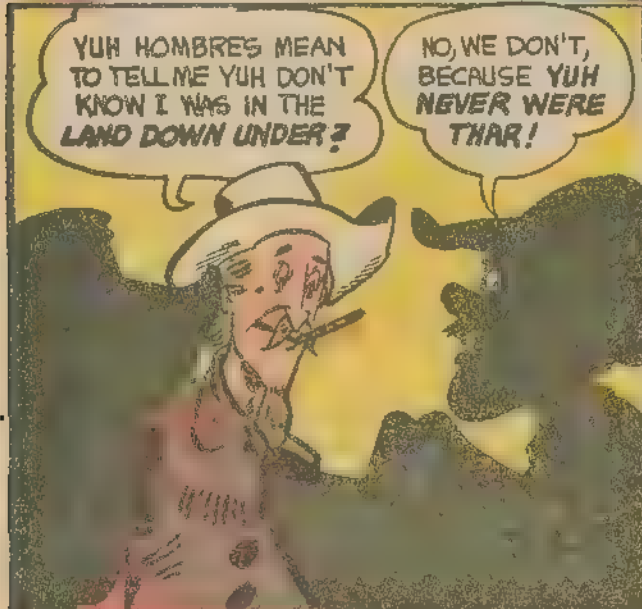
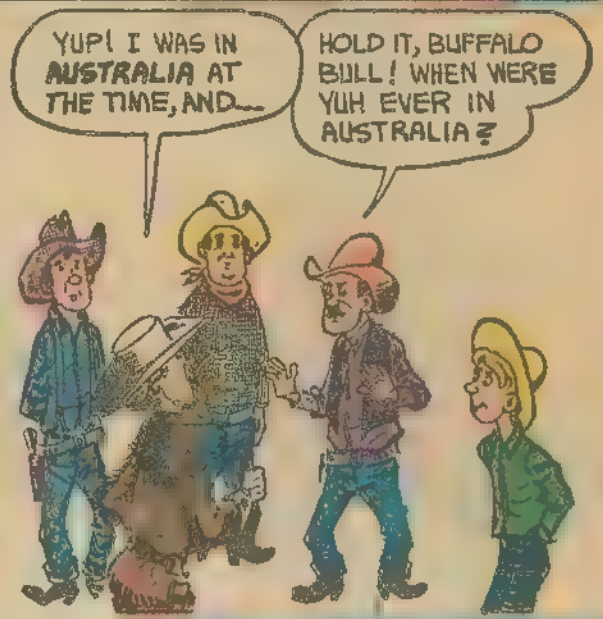
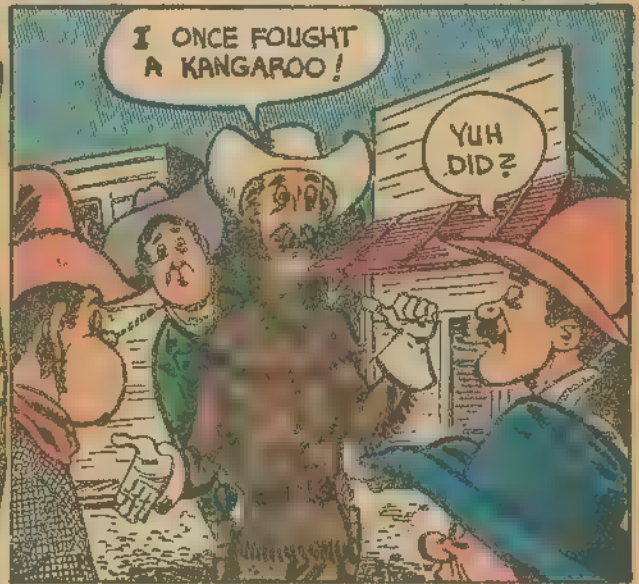
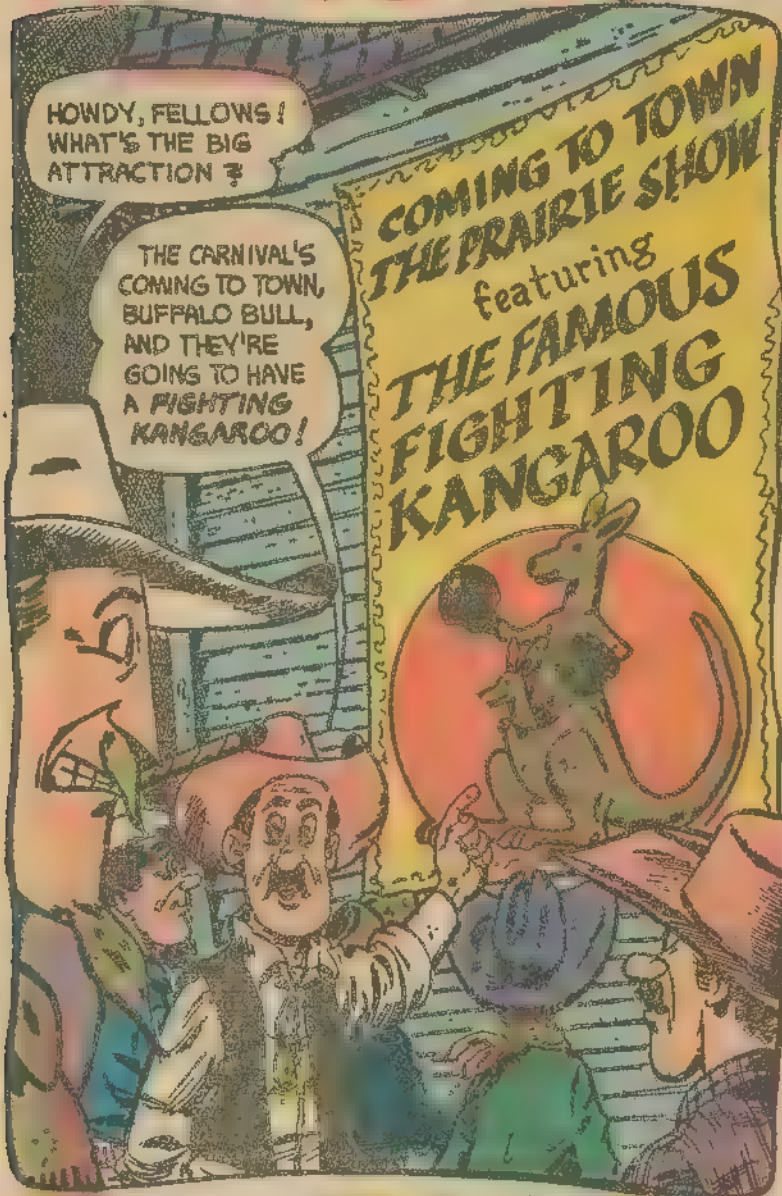
ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR *rocky lane western*



# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

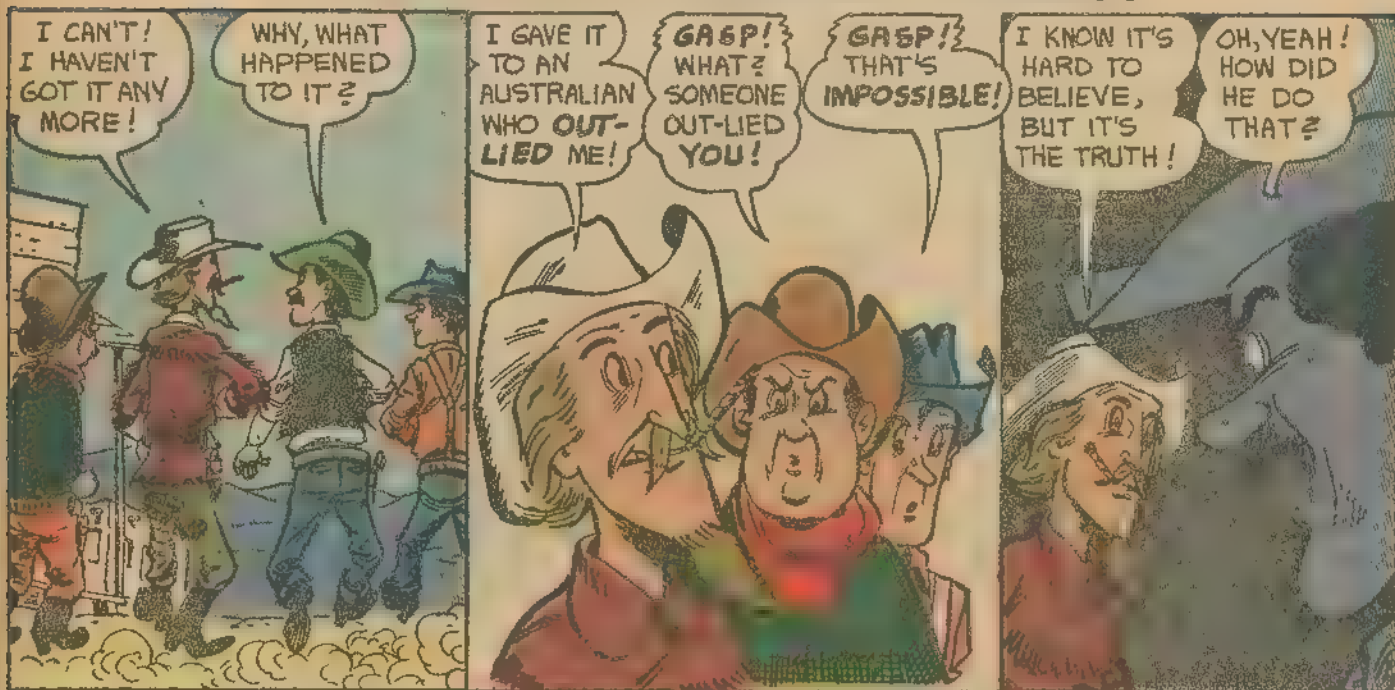
## BUFFALO BULL

## AUSTRALIA BOUND!"



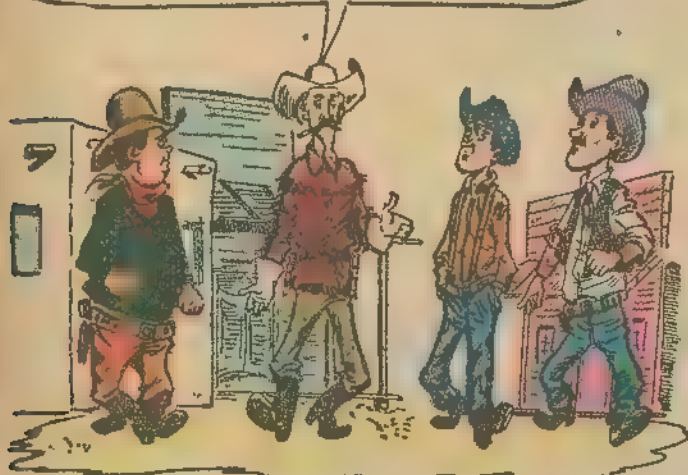


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

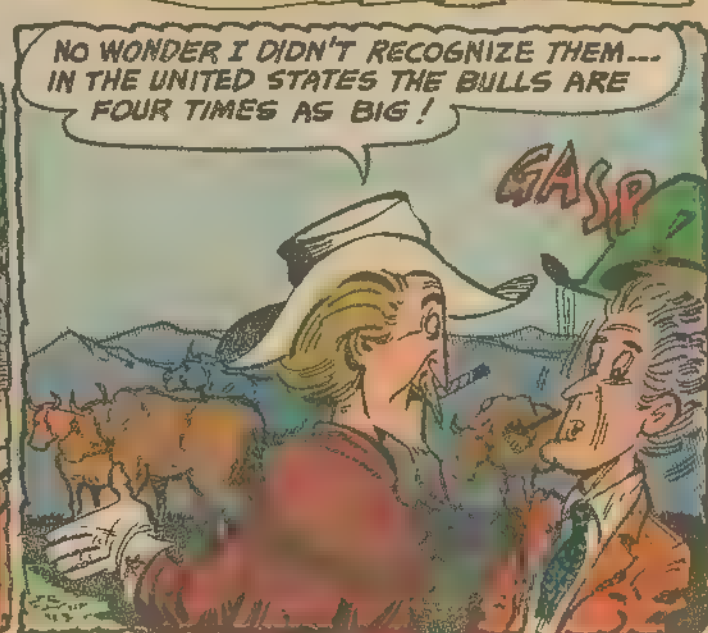
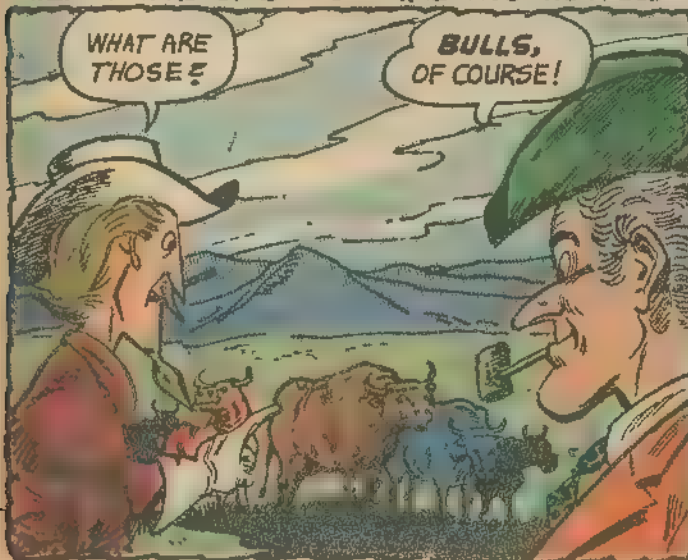


WELL, AS I WAS SAYING, I WAS ROAMING AROUND IN AUSTRALIA AND I HAD ALREADY WON THE GRAND MEDAL FER LYING, WHEN I MET THIS HOMBRE AND HE INVITED ME OUT TO HIS RANCH!

HE DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME BEING A CHAMP LIAR AND I DECIDED TO HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM AND TEASE HIM!



"HE WAS SHOWING ME AROUND HIS GROUNDS, WHEN A HERD OF BULLS CAME INTO VIEW..."



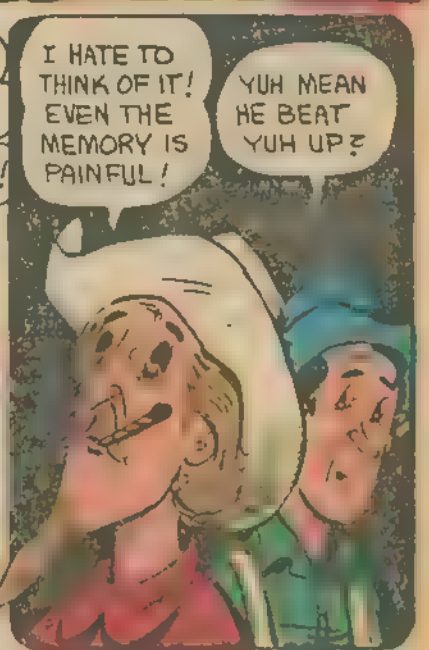
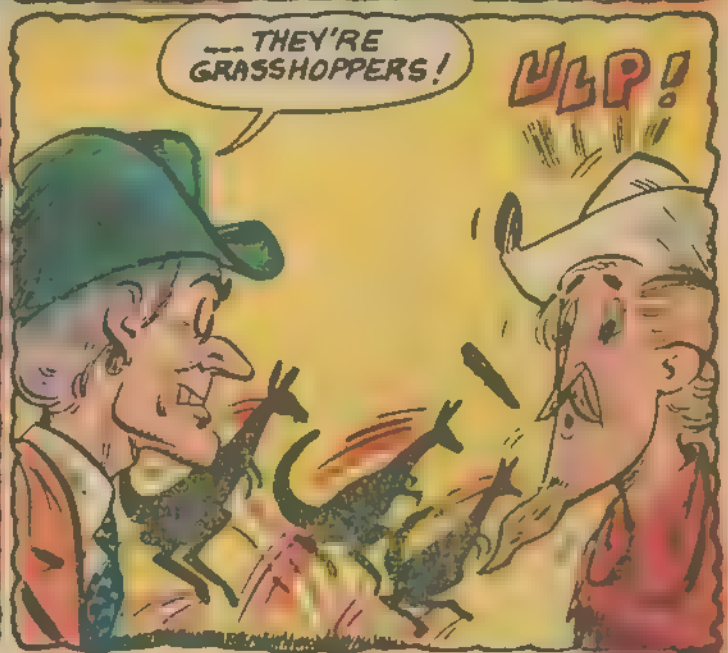


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

"IN A FEW MOMENTS WE CAME UPON A FLOCK OF SHEEP..."



"AT THAT MOMENT A FEW KANGAROOS HOPPED PASSED US..."



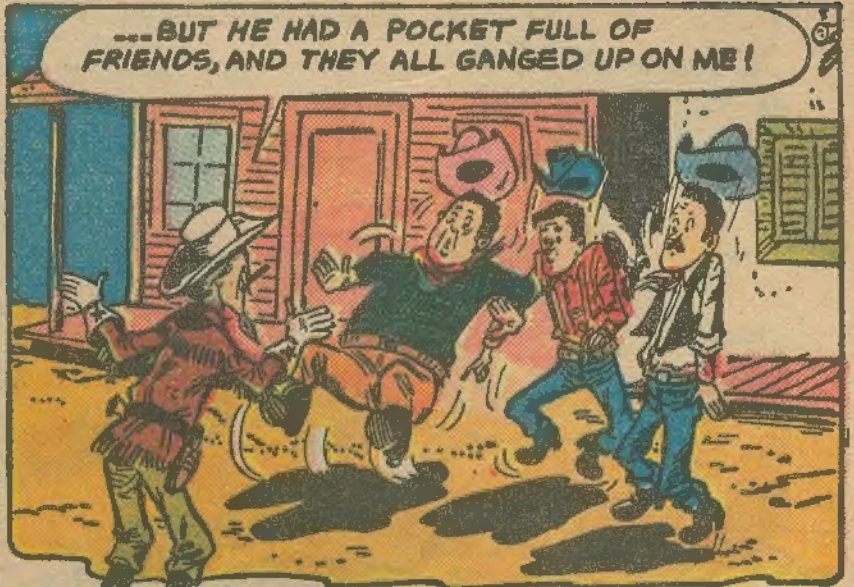


# COWBOY WESTERN COMICS

NO! I WAS GETTING THE BEST OF HIM ...



...BUT HE HAD A POCKET FULL OF FRIENDS, AND THEY ALL GANGED UP ON ME!



THAT'S RIGHT! KANGAROOS DO CARRY THEIR YOUNG IN THEIR POUCHES, DON'T THEY?

YES, AND I SAW A VERY AMUSING THING OVER THERE! THIS IS TRUE, FELLOWS! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES...



A BABY KANGAROO KEPT JUMPING OUT OF HIS MAMA'S POUCH TIME AFTER TIME, AND THE PAPPY KANGAROO GOT VERY ANNOYED AT THIS AND WAS ABOUT TO SPANK THE BABY WHEN THE MAMA KANGAROO CRIED OUT...

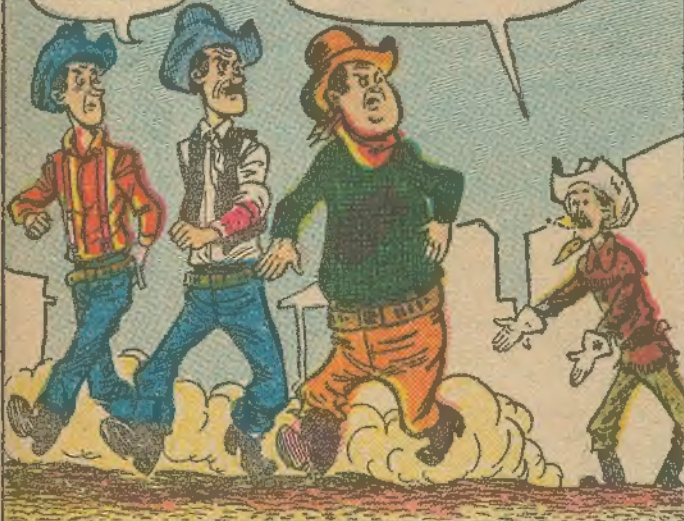


"DON'T SPANK JUNIOR! HE CAN'T HELP JUMPING OUT OF MY POUCH EVERY FEW MOMENTS! I HAVE THE HICCOWS!"



LET'S GO, FELLOWS!

HUH? WHAR ARE YUH CRITTERS GOING?



TO AUSTRALIA... TO GET THAT CHAMPION LIAR'S MEDAL BACK FER YUH!

HA, HA!





Illustration of two jets flying over a city skyline. One jet is yellow and the other is red. The word "WORLD" is partially visible on the left.

# 50 CARS \$ FOR

Make wall panoramas with magazine picture background and highway foreground.

Start your own collection of miniatures: swap, trade, exhibit!

Play tic-tac-toe and other favorite games this different way.

Tiny autos, trucks and trolleys make grand props for table-top photography

Demonstrate and teach traffic and safety

**NOWHERE IN LILLIPUT** did Gulliver ever see anything like this! This **AMAZING MOTORCADE BARGAIN** includes **FIFTY** - miniature motor cars: true three-dimensional scale models of streamline trolleys, highway vans, delivery trucks, repair service cars, and U.S. Army planes. They're wonderfully realistic, and made of durable, colorful plastic. Each car is an **AUTHENTIC SOUVENIR** of the motor capital of the world! Fifty cars gives you plenty to use for all sorts of action games, exhibits, crafts and teaching projects. Ever so handy for all sorts of scout projects, school and club activities. Yea, you can even **SWAP** and **TRADE A FEW** for anything you like, and have plenty left over for months and months of fun and accomplishment!

**8 FEET**  
**of CARS**

2605 Elmhurst, Detroit 6, Mich.

**IMMEDIATE DELIVERY** IF YOU ORDER NOW.

**Plow Run**      **Sale of Cars at \$1.00 each per**

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

**We Pay Postage Send Check, Cash or Money Order. Your Order Rushed!**

**AMAZING *New* WATCH**  
with **MECHANICAL BRAIN**  
Remembers • Tells Time • Tells Date

Compare It at \$50.00

**\$895** Plus 90¢  
Fed. Tax

**SEND NO MONEY!**

Rush coupon for immediate delivery. Wear it 10 days without obligation. Supply is, of course, limited. Order today.





# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for  
Radio-Television than any other man.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You**

**2 FREE BOOKS  
SHOW HOW  
MAIL COUPON**

## I TRAINED THESE MEN



**LOST JOB, NOW HAS OWN SHOP**  
"Got laid off my machine shop job which I believe was best thing ever happened as I opened a full time Radio Shop. Business is picking up every week."—E. T. Slate, Corsicana, Texas.

### GOOD JOB WITH STATION

"I am Broadcast Engineer at WLPM. Another technician and I have opened a Radio-TV service shop in our spare time. Big TV sales here... more work than we can handle."—J. H. Bangley, Suffolk, Va.



**\$10 TO \$15 WEEK SPARE TIME**  
"Four months after enrolling for NRI course, was able to service Radios... averaged \$10 to \$15 a week spare time. Now have full time Radio and Television business."—William Wyde, Brooklyn, New York.

**AVAILABLE TO  
VETERANS  
UNDER G.I. BILLS**

### WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own boss. Many NRI trained men start their own business with capital earned in spare time. Robert Dohmen, New Prague, Minn., whose store is shown at left, says, "Am now tied in with two Television outfits and do warranty work for dealers. Often fall back to NRI textbooks for information."

BOMMEN RADIO SERVICE



## 1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning. The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets, gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

## 2. GOOD PAY JOB

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcasting, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcasting Stations—more expansion is on the way.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000 TV sets are now in use; 108 TV stations are operating and 1800 new TV stations have been authorized... many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures. More operators, installation service technicians will be needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.



## You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send



### Television Is Today's Good Job Maker

TV now reaches from coast-to-coast. Qualify for a good job as a service technician or operator. My course includes many lessons on TV. You get practical experience... work on circuits common to both Radio and Television with my kits. Now is the time to get ready for success in Television!

This Is Just Some of  
the Equipment My  
Students Build. All  
Parts Yours to Keep.

Keep your job while training at home. Hundreds I've trained are successful RADIO-TELEVISION Technicians. Most had no previous experience; many no more than grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. You also get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pictured at left, are just a few of the pieces of equipment you build with kits of parts I send. You experiment with, learn circuits common to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—Find out what RADIO-TELEVISION Can Do for You

Act Now! Send for my FREE DOUBLE OFFER. Coupon entitles you to actual Servicing Lesson; shows how you learn at home. You'll also receive my 64-page book, "How to Be a Success in Radio-Television." Send coupon in envelope or paste on postal. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 3MK3, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 39th Year.

### Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MK3  
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.  
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book.  
FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**VETS** write in date  
of discharge \_\_\_\_\_

The ABC's of  
SERVICING

How to Be a  
Success  
in RADIO-  
TELEVISION



## GET PRIZES... MAKE MONEY

I want to give you your choice of a walkie talkie, an archery set, new golden trumpet, any of the 70 BIG PRIZES in my 28-page catalog. Many prizes are given without cost, for selling just one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per pack.



NEW, GOLDEN  
TRUMPET.  
GIVEN FOR  
SELLING ONE  
ORDER

"Uncle" Harry Bard, the man who has been helping boys and girls earn prizes and extra cash for 35 years.

## BE FIRST IN YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly, to your family, friends and neighbors and get your prize at once.

Thousands of boys and girls have been earning prizes this easy way for 35 years.

Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope for your order of American Seeds. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize. Or, keep \$1.50 in cash for each 48-pack order you sell. **SEND NO MONEY.**

**I TRUST YOU**  
**AMERICAN SEED CO.**  
Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pa.

**MAIL THIS COUPON Today**

## AMERICAN SEED CO.

Dept. 403, Lancaster, Pennsylvania  
Please send me your BIG PRIZE BOOK and one order of 48 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will send them at 10c a pack, and you the money, and choose my prize.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

JEAN, SEE TWO AD OF THE AMERICAN SEED CO. IT'S AN EASY WAY TO GET THAT CAMERA I WANT

LET'S SEND THE COUPON TODAY, I KNOW LOTS OF PEOPLE WHO PLANT SEEDS

YES, BOBBY, WE NEED GARDEN SEEDS. I'LL BUY SIX PACKS

IT WAS FUN AND EASY TO SELL OUR SEEDS AND HERE'S THE MAILMAN WITH OUR PRIZES

THIS IS A NEAT CAMERA WHY DON'T YOU FELLOWS SEND THE COUPON TO-DAY- YOU CAN CHOOSE FROM 70 SWEET PRIZES!

# I'll Give You a Watch, Air Rifle, Uke, Camera or Any of My 70 BIG PRIZES

Just for Selling American Seeds to your Family, Friends and Neighbors

**Professional Baby Quiver Archery Set**  
Famous Ben Pearson make. Has a 54-inch hardwood bow, 4 feathered arrows, target face, instructions. Sell one order of American Seeds plus 75c.

**DICK TRACY CAMERA**  
Camera has telescopic sight and fixed focus. Comes complete with carrying case. Sell one order

**BOYS! GIRLS! WRIST WATCHES**  
Gold-plated Girl's Bracelet Watch. Sell one order plus \$2.50.  
Boy's Radium Dial Watch. Sell one order plus \$1.50

**JET PLANE**  
Attach wings, light fuse, away it goes. Flies 500 feet high. Given for selling just one order

**ELECTRONIC WALKIE TALKIE**  
Remco's complete 2-way talking system. Just string out the wire—start talking. No batteries needed. Sell one order of American Seeds.

**FULL SIZE UKULELE**  
ARTHUR CORPENT'S famous "push button" player. Both given for one order plus 66c.

**GIRLS' OR LADIES' SHOULDER BAG**  
Available in Red, Green, Navy Blue or Brown. Sell one order

**JUNIOR SPORTS KIT**  
Complete kit for younger boys and girls. Basketball, baseball, football, whist! Sell one order

**HEY FELLOWS! DAISY'S RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE**  
A fast-shooting 800 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00

**WIN A Schwinn BICYCLE**  
**EXTRA \$1,500 IN GRAND PRIZE AWARDS**  
1st prize \$250  
2nd prize \$150  
3rd prize \$100  
**PLUS 20 DELUXE Schwinn BICYCLES**

Everyone selling American Seeds is eligible to win GRAND PRIZE AWARDS. Remember, they are in addition to your regular prizes and cash. Coupon brings your first order and complete facts! **SEND NO MONEY**—we trust you. Paste coupon on postcard or mail in envelope today